

# Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

Vol. XIV.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1885:

No. 4.

25 cts. per packet.

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Put up in glass jars, that is warranted first class in every respect. TRY A JAR.  
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2d, BECAUSE

A regular subscriber is so much more valuable to the publisher than the transient purchaser, and it comes cheaper to the subscriber.

It is the best possible report of the doings of each week. It contains a wealth of good reading in addition to all the local news.

It has a high moral tone and an aim higher than the mere getting of money,—viz., the welfare, growth and general prosperity of the town.

It contains more reading matter for the money than any other paper in this section.

The publisher will add to it in every possible way as fast and as far as the patronage will warrant.

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We wish to inform the people of this vicinity that it is no longer necessary to go to Boston for their PHOTOGRAPHS, as a short ride in the horse cars will bring them at the door of

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BETWEEN BECK HALL AND THE BAPTIST CHURCH,

where work equal to that made in the best studios in Boston is guaranteed.

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Warerooms: 154 Tremont Street, Boston.



## Arlington Advocate.

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ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1885:

### OUR REPORTER'S GATHERINGS IN ARLINGTON.

—A Boston party wants to buy a house in Arlington. See advertisement.

—Scarlet fever is now quite prevalent in our midst, but most of the cases are of the mild form.

—The formation of local polo teams is talked of by some of our young men patrons of Utopia Club Rink.

—Now that the "Big Meadows" are frozen over, workmen are engaged cutting off the growth of wood.

—The boys and girls—and some older ones as well—have had fine sport skating on Spy Pond this week.

—During this week Chief of Police Mead has been busy gathering a record of the births during the past year.

—The pulpit of the Universalist church will be filled on Sunday by Mr. J. S. Cutler, of Tufts College.

—Mr. and Mrs. Milan R. Harday, on Tuesday evening, started for Georgia, where they will spend the balance of the winter.

—Mr. E. Nelson Blake arrived in town from Chicago this morning. It gave us pleasure to greet him once more and see him looking so well.

—Owing to trouble with the heating apparatus there were no sessions of Cotting High school on Monday, Tuesday or Thursday.

—The stage rehearsal of Arlington Musical Society will be next Tuesday evening, at 6:30 o'clock. It was found impossible to arrange for any other hour.

—Everybody looks cheerful, in spite of the biting cold, because of the prospect of brisk business on Spy Pond in a few days. The gathering of a good crop of ice adds greatly to the material prosperity of all.

—Preaching services at the Unitarian church were omitted last Sunday forenoon, owing to the sudden and severe illness of Rev. J. P. Forbes.

—There is an eligible lot of land on Arlington avenue for sale at a low price. Apply to C. S. Parker, real estate agent, No. 2 Swan's Block.

—Rev. Mr. Seavey, of the N. E. Southern Conference, will preach in Union Hall, next Sunday morning, at 10:45. All are invited.

—At the social meetings of the Baptist church the coming months the Epistle to the Philippians will be considered. The pastor has prepared an excellent programme of the subjects, etc.

—The upper front rooms in Swan's Block leased by the Trustees of the Public Library, are to let. Apply to C. S. Parker, real estate agent, No. 2 Swan's Block.

—Ladies interested in the coming Grand Army fair will meet to sew next Tuesday forenoon, in Reynolds Hall, at nine o'clock. The committee hope all willing to assist will be present.

—Next Sunday Prof. Dorchester, of Arlington Heights, will supply the pulpit at the First Parish church. The pastor, Rev. J. P. Forbes, though improving, is still unable to be about, and Prof. Dorchester takes his place as a labor of love.

—All the seeds advertised by W. W. Rawson & Co., carrots excepted, are Mr. Rawson's own growing. The firm has hot bed mats for sale. The "Tennis Ball" lettuce seed is a specialty, and is worth a trial by every one growing lettuce.

—Mr. Harrison Swan has dissolved partnership with Mr. Nathan Fitch, with whom he has been associated many years, and formed a new one with Mr. George H. Valpey, to carry on the poultry business at the old stand, No. 1 New Faneuil Hall Market, Boston.

—We are glad to learn that some of our young musicians, most of whom are already quite proficient, propose to organize a local orchestra. We know they will thoroughly enjoy the practice, and in a short time they can be ready to furnish pleasure by a public exhibition.

—The monthly concert at the Baptist church vestry, Sunday evening, was enjoyed by a large audience. The music was especially good, embracing male quartette (Messrs. Wood, Shepard, Allen, Parris), the church quartette, and solos by Mrs. Coleman, and Mr. Stephen B. Wood, with other music by the school.

—In our Chicago papers we note the fact that Mr. E. Nelson Blake has again been chosen President of the Board of Trade, receiving 904 votes out of a total of 1002. The "bucket-shop" interests were opposed to Mr. Blake and his associates on the ticket, and formed a com-

bination to accomplish their defeat, but the men nominated by them posted notices declining to serve in such a connection, so the "bottom dropped out" and left them stranded. The directors will continue their war on the bucket-shops with renewed vigor after this emphatic endorsement, if we are to judge from the tone of interviews published.

Many here know how worthy is Mr. Blake of honors conferred by his fellow citizens of Chicago.

—The attraction at Utopia Club Rink, to-morrow evening, will be Miss Jessie Lefone, spoken of by those best qualified to judge as the most accomplished of all candidates for public favor in this line.

Messrs. Russell had her engaged for their grand opening attraction, but yielded to a long engagement in New York. They now bring her before an Arlington audience to satisfy the very strong desire of the patrons of the Rink to see this young lady.

—The interlude at intermission of the Musical Society, last Tuesday evening, consisted in a well rendered base solo by Mr. T. Ralph Parris and an artistic piano solo by Miss Jennie L. Sprague. The attendance was large and the rendering of the choruses much better than on any previous occasion. The chorus will render its parts in the coming concert in an artistic manner.

—Next Thursday evening, Jan. 29, Rev. James Kay Applebee will deliver his second lecture in the Unity Club course, "Humbug and humbugs," from the writings of Charles Dickens. Those who were charmed by his last lecture will be sure to attend this, to hear more of his analysis of the great novelist, and we advise all who would enjoy a literary treat to avail themselves of this opportunity.

—The citizens of Arlington owe to the ladies and gentlemen forming the Arlington Musical Society a generous patronage of their coming concert, as the whole effort on their part has been to cultivate a love for good music. The programme prepared is one of real merit, and we hope every lover of good music not already provided will purchase a ticket for this concert. A few of the best reserved seats in the house can yet be obtained of the committee.

—The clerk and treasurer has finished his work on the annual reports and they and the other department reports are now being printed. No country office can successfully compete with the Boston establishments making a specialty of this class of work. Three years ago we did the work at Boston prices, to show the capabilities of our office; but we have no desire to repeat the operation and have never made a bid since then. The value to us as an advertisement did not compensate for the pecuniary loss.

—On the afternoon of Jan. 15 a large number of Arlington people attended Prof. Geo. W. Blish's matinee at the Melonean, in Boston, because Miss Ida M. Brown, one of his most promising pupils, had parts in the programme. The entertainment was full of enjoyment and Miss Brown won fresh honors by her artistic rendering. She certainly deserves to succeed in her chosen profession. An accident, which we feel sure Miss Brown will excuse, prevented this notice from appearing in last week's issue.

—The following are the assignments of tables for the approaching G. A. R. Fair: Candy table, Mrs. Marden; Fruit table, Mrs. Geo. H. Thayer; Bag table, Mrs. Walter Russell and Mrs. Eliza Durgin; Post table, Mrs. Horace D. Durgin-cashier, Miss Carrie Rugg; Arlington Heights table, Mrs. Swett; Supper Committee, Mr. Randall—cashier, Mrs. Alice Crosby; Ice Cream Room, Mrs. Geo. H. Rugg; Bundle table, Mr. James A. Mar-don, Mrs. Geo. L. Pierce.

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—The anxious hour has passed. Mr. Litchfield cuts ice to-morrow.

—The coasting on Concord Hill is A number 1. Have you tried it?

—The Debating Club was held Tuesday evening. The question under discussion naturally proved interesting, for there has grown up of late years a deep interest in all that pertains to the subject of protection to American labor. The question was in the form of a resolution,—"Resolved, That the business of the United States will be more prosperous under free trade than by protection." Messrs. E. G. Emery and L. E. Bennink argued in the affirmative; F. F. Raymond and Mr. O'Connor in the negative. The debate was spirited and interesting, continuing until after 10:30 o'clock. The vote was two to one in the negative, showing our Debating Club is not a free trade organization, at least, whatever may be said of the merits of the debate. The discussion will be continued at a special meeting this evening, when members will discuss the subject. Mr. J. F. Hutchinson presided at this meeting, and Mr. Geo. Brown acted as secretary in the absence of Mr. Goodwin, who is confined at his home by sickness. The meeting of the Club will be held on the evening of February 3d.

—Independence Lodge No. 45, A. O. U. W., at a meeting held Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1885, the following officers were chosen:—Master Workman, Quincy Bicknell, Jr.; Foreman, Chas. F. Smith; Overseer, D. A. Dow; Guide, W. F. Glenn; Recorder, A. F. Gould; Financier, L. G. Babcock; Receiver, L. A. Saville; Inside Watchman, G. M. Litchfield; Outside Watchman, Geo. D. Estabrook; Trustee for three years, L. A. Saville; Delegate to Grand Lodge, Everett S. Locke; Alternate, L. G. Babcock.

—The Debating Club voted at their last meeting not to hold a public debate.

—Mr. L. A. Saville can supply all wants in the line of first class groceries.

—Mr. Joy has been called to Nantucket by the "crookedness" of the treasurer of the water company of that place.

—Rev. C. A. Staples will deliver his sermon on "Sowing and Reaping," at Belmont, next Sunday evening.

—Memorial tablets are being placed on houses of historic interest still standing in Lexington.

—The snow and ice has put a stop to the work commenced by the water works hands on Hancock Avenue.

—The concert at First Parish church

parlors, of the Music Committee of the

Unity Club, last Friday evening, was

not what had been intended, because the

storm prevented the attendance of several

soloists. The new grand piano purchased by the Unity Club was used.

The attendance was large, and they were more

than entertained with solos by Mr. and

Mrs. Holt and Mrs. Wheaton; piano

duett by Misses Alice Reed and Ida Rus-

sell; piano duett by Mrs. Holt and Mrs. Locke; and two choruses. After the concert a refreshment was served, and the balance of the evening was spent socially. The Entertainment Committee are preparing a programme for next Friday evening, Jan. 30.

### EAST LEXINGTON

NOTES AND ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Our greenhouse is blooming.

Almost time to speculate, if nothing more, on the town reports.

Arlington Skating Rink attracts many of our people.

It is forty-five years last week since Dr. Follen died. We hoped that before the anniversary of his death occurred again the Legislature would have allowed our church to take its baptismal name, so that the present generation could show that his name is revered by them.

The examination of the Grammar school occurred too late for a report this week, but will appear next week.

The reading room will be closed next week during the school vacation, as the supply of coal is not sufficient for the remainder of the winter.

There will be a party at the Village Hall, Thursday evening, January 29th. Tickets of admission 25 cents. Dancing tickets 25 cents.

On Sunday evening, at the usual hour, Rev. Benj. R. Bulkley, of Concord, will continue the course of Sunday evening sermons in the First Parish church by Rev. J. K. Applebee, on "Types of Womanhood," from the writings of Dickens. Single tickets for this lecture, 25 cents.

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—The monthly concert of the Sunday

## HO! WINTER.

I.

Ha! Winter, ho! Winter,  
King of the northern blast!  
You meet us all, you greet us all,  
With grip that freezes fast.  
In regal pomp you've gathered up  
Your royal robes of snow,  
And by their trailing men shall trace  
Whatever ways you go.  
Your grim retainers all, alack!  
Make but a cruel train  
Of biting sleet and stinging winds  
And ice and frozen rain.  
The rich with furs and blazing hearths  
Your carnival may scorn,  
While Mirth and Cheer will reign supreme  
From wassail eve till morn.

II.

But ha! Winter, ho! Winter,  
What about the Poor?  
Who've no stronghold against the cold,  
No bribe or sinecure.  
To set at bay the stinging day,  
Or soften down the night—  
Who note the thickening window panes  
With sinking hearts affright—  
Who draw their babies close and sing  
Their shivering lullabies,  
Then sleep and dream of steaming feasts  
Their hunger-sleep supplies—  
To wake at morn with shuddering sense  
Of lengthened fast and cold,  
And find that gaunt-eyed Want hath wrought  
Its trace within the fold.  
Ha! Winter, ho, Winter,  
Hard your reign on these;  
God pity such! and send warm hearts  
To all who starve and freeze.  
—Maria Barret Butler, in the Current.

## KARL BERGER'S PUPIL.

B. G. A. COPELAND.

Karl Berger went to Milan at just the right time. It had become quite the fashion to run down the Italian method of instrumental instruction, and to extol the method of their Northern compatriots, Karl Berger came. His name sounded like a German's, and he played music like a master, and that was all that was needed. Pupils flocked to him, and he set his own prices. Even the city itself, through its governors, agreed to place three pupils with him annually, at its own expense, as long as he should remain there. This was triumph enough to turn the head of a much older man, and Karl himself was only three and twenty years old. He sat in his room one night about two weeks after his arrival, smoking his big pipe with chinabowl, and congratulated himself. Here was success indeed!

He wondered what his old teacher, the Herr Kapellmeister, would say to his success. He looked around the room, furnished as comfortably as most in the city, and felt a grim satisfaction in knowing that the plebeian Karl Berger was taking his ease in the very chamber where Caesar Borgin had once slept. His was a nobility as high as his ancient predecessor, he said to himself, and he laughed grimly, for the young Swede had but little respect for nobility, and he often spoke of his ancestors, the Berger Jarls and Vikings, as thieves and cut-throats.

While he sat musing, lazily watching the smoke curling up toward the blotched and crumpled, almost obliterated frescoes of the vaulted ceiling above, a servant brought in a note to "Il Maestro Berger." The City of Milan informed his excellency, the Maestro, that the last of the three pupils had been chosen, and the pupil, the Contessa Lucia Vinella, would attend him whenever the Maestro would be pleased to receive her. Signor Berger scowled and shrugged his shoulders. He had already, in the short time he had been in Milan, heard several "contesses" play, and he had not been favorably impressed by their genius, and, indeed, it must be admitted that the ladies in question had a greater desire to see the handsome foreigner than to make any progress in music. He had forgotten that the three pupils were too poor to pay for their tuition and were therefore given their musical education by the charity of the city. However, he sent back an answer that he would give the contessa her first lesson at 3 o'clock the next afternoon, and then he took up his violin, and the contessa and Milan and success and the Kapellmeister passed from his mind, while the music soared in tremulous vibrations through the room.

The next day everything went wrong. He had yet to learn the patience necessary for a teacher, and the countless mistakes of his pupils, the jarring discords and the seeming stupidity rendered him nearly furious. At 3 o'clock the charity pupil, Contessa Lucia, was ushered into his presence, followed by an old woman, her escort. The contessa did not look very aristocratic in her dress. Everything she had on was cheap. In fact, except that her dress was neater and more tastefully arranged, it was also the same as the servants. The maestro was walking up and down the room with an ominous frown on his face. He wheeled around and looked at her.

"Well, Signora, what do you wish?" he said, crossly.

"I have come for my lesson, Signor," she replied, timidly.

He looked at his tablets.

"You are either too early or too late. There is a Contessa Vinella who comes now. But if she does not come—" "I am the contessa, signor," and she proceeded to unwrap her violin from its green covering, while the servant hobbled to the nearest chair.

"You came to amuse yourself in a dilettante way on the violin."

"I came to learn to play, Maestro; to be able to teach music some day. Who knows?" and she laughed a little nervously.

"Contesses don't teach music," he said, scornfully. "It is only poor plebeians who do that. Let me hear you play." She nestled the violin on her shoulder carelessly, and obediently commenced. The air was simple, a pleasant lullaby, in a minor key, soft and sad, which had been sung by many Roman mothers to their children. One of those airs, which, like the German Lieder, one finds among the people, its author and origin lost in antiquity, yet everlasting from its pathos and tenderness. The violin was fit to be its interpreter, an old Cremona almost

black with age. The music floated out from the five quivering strings. The girl, her eyes almost closed and her head bent forward, stood erect, playing. The old servant sat listlessly, caught by the music swaying to and fro, as if rocking some child, dead fifty years ago. Karl Berger stood frowning in the shadow of a curtain. What right had a contessa, a young girl, to play like that? What right had she to a violin which was so much better than his? The soft repeated strains came to an end, and the girl turned proudly toward him.

"It is a wretched piece, wretchedly played," he said, crossly. "You will never make an artiste of yourself. It lacks soul, it lacks rhythm, it lacks everything."

These peccant words—words which the honest Karl Berger was ashamed of even while he uttered them—struck the young girl like a blow. Her face, proud and happy at her successful rendering of the simple peasant air, fell suddenly at this harsh verdict, and, girl-like, she burst into sobs and left the room, while the servant stared stolidly at the fierce foreigner, and then rose and hobbled after the girl.

Karl Berger felt ashamed of himself and his sudden fit of anger. He took up his own violin, but it sounded harsh. He was cold and courteous to the pupils who came that afternoon, but he was glad when the day was over. They were lighting the lamps in the courtyard below when he looked out. He watched the servants as they put the lamps in their places, and after they had left he stood at the window looking absently down on the empty courtyard beneath, when he saw a figure coming slowly across the yard. He stepped out on the balcony and called to her, for he recognized the escort of the Contessa Lucia. When the woman had come up he asked her:

"Where does the Contessa Vinella live?"

"In this house, signor, with a relative. The contessa has no other friends and she lives here, but not in idleness, signor! She is too proud for that! She takes care of the house, and works like a servant. She has no friends but me; I was her nurse. She is too proud to go with others in the house. Even her relatives do not patronize her, and the servants are always very polite to her, and always obey her, but behind her back they laugh at her here, and call her the 'contessa of all-work,' and the 'contessa cook.' Her grandfather, the Count Vinella, had taught her music, and she worked so hard at it that she might earn her own living that way. Last week she won the prize at the conservatoire, and the city was to pay her tuition with you. You should not have spoken so harshly to her, signor? I found her in her little room crying as if her heart would break."

Karl Berger ran his hands through his hair.

"I was wrong—very wrong. Will you tell her I said so? Ask her to come again, and I will promise to be fairer."

The next afternoon the girl came in.

"It was very silly of me, Maestro, to run away like that," she said; "but I want so much to be a good artiste, and when you told me I could not—"

"Don't talk about it, please," interrupted Karl; "I was cross and tired, and, if you must know it, jealous," and he smiled grimly. "Yes, jealous, that you could play better than I."

Lucia flushed with delight.

"If you mean that—but no! You are laughing at me!"

"I mean what I said," replied Karl, determinedly. "I can teach you technique, perhaps; after that you have nothing to learn."

So it was settled.

One day, during the lesson, Karl said abruptly:

"Would you like also to study at night? My evenings are all my own."

The girl laughed with pleasure and cried: "Oh, Mastero, you are so kind."

So, after the work was done, Lucia would come in with Marcia, her old nurse, and after the lesson Karl would pick up his own violin and play. One night he stopped suddenly and said to her:

"I wish you would not call me Maestro. I am not a master in music. I am only a sham, and some day they will find it out. I am not much older than you and don't play any better. I want you to think of me as a fellow student, not as a teacher."

"What shall I call you, then?" Lucia asked shyly.

"Karl."

"That is a pretty name," said Lucia.

"It was my father's," and he went on to speak of his Northern home, of the snow-storm when all the family died but himself, and how he was found famished and senseless, with his violin hugged to his breast. And Lucia sat still and drank in every word. Then she told him of her own home and her past history. Each night after they laid their music aside they would sit and talk, and Marcia would sit and slumber quietly in her chair.

Soon the opera season commenced, and often the three would sit back in some little box which had been placed at Karl's disposal, and listen to the grand creations of the masters. A happy time for both. Karl was all gentleness to the little contessa, and the grim young Norsemann commenced to find himself making jokes to amuse her. He to make jokes—who had hitherto gone through life in his sober, solemn way—to make jokes! It was surprising indeed. They called each other Karl and Lucia, and sometimes brother and sister. So things went on, till suddenly Marcia fell sick. Lucia stayed by her bedside as much as her work would allow. The lessons must cease till Marcia grew better, for she had no other chaperone, and of course it was impossible for her to go without one. The days seemed to drag slowly along, and the night-watching began to tell on her. She grew paler and went about sad and musing.

As for Karl, the first time that Lucia missed her lesson he became rather angry. "She thinks she has learned everything, perhaps, and is through with me," he muttered.

He tried to feel injured and banish the flesh tasting like beef. The Tartars have herds of these animals, often 1,000 belonging to one family. They were numerous in antiquity, for the patriarch Job had 8,000. The Timbuktu breed is remarkable for speed and need only for courses, going 300 miles in eight days with a meal of dates or grain at nightfall.

the orchestra vile. Coming home he met one of the servants.

"Where is Marcia?" he asked.

So that was it. He went gloomily upstairs and went straight to the mirror and began to apostrophize his image.

"Macstro Berger, you are an ass," he said quietly. "However poor she may be, she is still contessa and you are only—Karl Berger," and he took up his violin and commenced to play. But with all his self-restraint he found the days very long and tiresome.

One night Lucia sat alone in the room when she heard Karl's violin. He was telling his story of love, unconsciously, to the one from whom he intended to hide it. As the girl sat there in the darkness, holding Marcia's hand, she felt strangely happy and quiet. Suddenly Marcia opened her eyes.

"Lucia," she said, "I am ever so much better."

The proud contessa bent over and kissed the wrinkled face of the servant and said, gravely:

"That is well; but you must sleep, Marcia, and not talk."

"Play for me, Cara," said the old woman, drowsily.

And Karl Berger heard suddenly from Marcia's room the answer to his violin's confession. Sweetly and softly it came to him at first, but soon it swelled out into full volume. It told all to him that was necessary. And when the girl ceased playing and sank back in her chair, blushing rosily red, there were two people in the house who were perfectly happy.

When Lucia awoke the next morning and found Marcia better and the heavens and the birds in harmony with her happy mood, the first thing she did was to kiss her violin, and when she had dressed and was coming down the stairs, singing like a lark, she saw at the foot Karl Berger, his face flushed and looking very happy, indeed.

"Where does the Contessa Vinella live?"

"In this house, signor, with a relative. The contessa has no other friends and she lives here, but not in idleness, signor! She is too proud for that! She takes care of the house, and works like a servant. She has no friends but me; I was her nurse. She is too proud to go with others in the house. Even her relatives do not patronize her, and the servants are always very polite to her, and always obey her, but behind her back they laugh at her here, and call her the 'contessa of all-work,' and the 'contessa cook.'

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So, after the work was done, Lucia would come in with Marcia, her old nurse, and after the lesson Karl would pick up his own violin and play. One night he stopped suddenly and said to her:

"I wish you would not call me Maestro. I am not a master in music. I am only a sham, and some day they will find it out. I am not much older than you and don't play any better. I want you to think of me as a fellow student, not as a teacher."

"What shall I call you, then?" Lucia asked shyly.

"Karl."

"That is a pretty name," said Lucia.

"It was my father's," and he went on to speak of his Northern home, of the snow-storm when all the family died but himself, and how he was found famished and senseless, with his violin hugged to his breast. And Lucia sat still and drank in every word. Then she told him of her own home and her past history. Each night after they laid their music aside they would sit and talk, and Marcia would sit and slumber quietly in her chair.

Soon the opera season commenced, and often the three would sit back in some little box which had been placed at Karl's disposal, and listen to the grand creations of the masters. A happy time for both. Karl was all gentleness to the little contessa, and the grim young Norsemann commenced to find himself making jokes to amuse her. He to make jokes—who had hitherto gone through life in his sober, solemn way—to make jokes! It was surprising indeed. They called each other Karl and Lucia, and sometimes brother and sister. So things went on, till suddenly Marcia fell sick. Lucia stayed by her bedside as much as her work would allow. The lessons must cease till Marcia grew better, for she had no other chaperone, and of course it was impossible for her to go without one. The days seemed to drag slowly along, and the night-watching began to tell on her. She grew paler and went about sad and musing.

As for Karl, the first time that Lucia missed her lesson he became rather angry. "She thinks she has learned everything, perhaps, and is through with me," he muttered.

He tried to feel injured and banish the flesh tasting like beef. The Tartars have herds of these animals, often 1,000 belonging to one family. They were numerous in antiquity, for the patriarch Job had 8,000. The Timbuktu breed is remarkable for speed and need only for courses, going 300 miles in eight days with a meal of dates or grain at nightfall.

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## SENATE DOCUMENT ROOM.

### A BUSY DEPARTMENT OF CONGRESS IN THE CAPITOL.

The Place Where Senatorial Bills and Documents are Filed Away—How They are Kept in Order.

A Washington *Hatchet* man had occasion to go into the Senate Document Room the other day and was so struck with the busy and peculiar scene presented that he naturally fell to pumping

### Romance of a Senator's Son.

"I was surprised to read in the *Post* a few days ago that Charles S. Voorhees, the son of the Indiana Senator, is the Congressman-elect from Washington Territory," said a well known young Detroit lawyer at the Michigan exchange last evening. "The surprise is due to the difference between his present position and his situation when he was a resident of Detroit."

"When did he leave here?" asked a Post reporter.

"In the spring of 1881. He was here several weeks, and I'll wager he will never forget his Detroit experience, especially as it included his marriage to a Detroit girl."

"Tell us the story."

"The paragraph in the *Post* stated that young Voorhees played Hamlet once, and once only, some years ago, at an Indianapolis theatre. But that was not the only time he appeared on the stage. He was thoroughly stage-struck and joined John McCullough's company, coming here with that organization. He played minor parts and overacted them to an extent that caused him to be grieved by the audiences. Voorhees asked McCullough if the latter thought he would ever become an actor, and McCullough told him he would never become a great one. He was a proud fellow, and immediately left the company. He had no money, and to obtain means exchanged his clothes for a shabby-genteel suit and some money at Van Baalen's pawn shop, and engaged board at Mrs. Clark's, whose house is above Grand River avenue. An acquaintance brought Voorhees to me, thinking I could aid him in obtaining employment on one of the Detroit newspapers. I took him to Mr. Quimby, of the *Free Press*, who thought Voorhees was an impostor and would have nothing to do with him. Then I took him to an afternoon paper publisher, who told the Senator's son to write a sample article and submit it. Instead of writing on a local subject, Voorhees constructed a gushing love-story, and was told that that style of literature was not what was wanted on the paper. That ended the attempt to make a newspaper man of him. After this failure I saw nothing of Voorhees for several days. One evening the door-bell at our house rang, and when it was answered Mr. Voorhees and a lady were admitted. He astonished me by presenting the lady as his wife, having just been married by Father Van Dyke. The lady was a Miss Bubie, a pretty French girl, who was boarding at the same house, and with whom Voorhees had become smitten. A brief courtship resulted in the marriage, Miss Bubie having sufficient faith in and love for the young man, in spite of his impecuniosity and failure to obtain employment. The newly-married couple passed the evening with us, the walk to the house and back to the boarding-place making up their bridal trip. Getting married did not improve the young man's financial condition, although I don't know if it hurt it any, and after standing the strain as long as he could he was compelled to apply to his father for assistance. It came at once, and in accordance with Senator Voorhees' directions the ex-actor and his bride went to Washington. I heard nothing of him until I read of his election to Congress, and, as you can well imagine, the news surprised me. It illustrates the marvelous change four years will make in an average American's life. It seems funny to think that the man who was poverty-stricken and unable to obtain work in Detroit in 1881 is in 1884 a member-elect of Congress."

### The Direction of the Wind.

That the changing of the direction of the wind is due to the shifting of the situations of greatest heat upon the earth is substantially proved by the fact that in certain regions of the terrestrial surface, where the situations of the greatest heat and cold do not alter the direction in which they lie to each other, the wind does not change, but always blows in the same direction from one day to another, and all the year round. This occurs in the great open spaces of the ocean, where there is no land to get heated up by the sunshine of the day, and to get cool by the scattering of the heat at night. In those spaces, for a vast breadth of many hundreds of miles, the sun shines down day after day upon the surface of the sea, heating the water most along the mid-ocean track which lies most immediately beneath its burning rays as it passes across from east to west. This midway track of the strongest sun-shine crosses the wide ocean as a belt or zone that spreads some way to either side of the equator. Throughout this midway track the cooler and heavier air on either hand drifts in from the north and from the south, and then rises up, as it becomes heated by the sun, where the two currents meet.

In both instances, however, in consequence of the spinning round of the earth, the advancing wind acquires a westward as well as an equatorial drift. The air current as it approached the midway equatorial zone, where the onward movement of the sea covered surface of the earth is performed with the vast velocity of 1,000 miles an hour, does not immediately acquire this full rate of speed, and lags back upon the ocean, so that it appears as a drift toward the west as well as toward the equator. On the north side of the equator the wind blows all the year round from the northeast, and from the south side from the southeast, both in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. These steady and unchanging ocean winds are called the trade winds, on account of the great service they render to ships carrying merchandise across these portions of the sea. In sailing from England to the Cape of Good Hope, through the entire length of the Atlantic ocean, ships, before they reach the equator, have to pass over a broad space where strong winds are always blowing steadily from the northeast. That is the region of the northeast trades. They then traverse a space near to the equator itself, where the northeast winds cease to blow, and where the air is very still and calm, and they afterward come to a region to the south of the equator, where strong winds are continually blowing from the southwest. That is the region of the southwest trades. —*Science for All*.

Over five thousand patents on churning machines have already been granted by the government.

### Farming in Norway.

A correspondent of a London paper writes: Of the one hundred and twenty-three thousand square miles which Norway contains, only three thousand five hundred are pasture, and only nine hundred and eighty are under the plow. The consequence is that not only corn, but also butter and meat, have to be imported in large quantities. From what has been said it will be inferred that the country is more pastoral than agricultural. Yet one sees very few cattle when passing through the country in summer. The reason is that at that season, as in Switzerland, the peasantry drive their cattle up the mountains and themselves live in "saeters," or picturesque huts of solid timber. Much of the agriculture in Norway is of the most primitive character, small wooden ploughs, held by boys and drawn by men, being still commonly used in many parts of the country. The principal crops grown are oats, barley, rye and potatoes. Flax and hemp are also successfully grown in southern parts. The chief grain region is the valley of Lake Mjosen, where the growing of wheat has sometimes been attempted, but not with marked success.

The hay crop, though by no means heavy, is widely diffused, and it is gleaned in what would generally be deemed impossible places—on narrow ledges a thousand feet above the sea and in deep valleys where there is very little sunshine. The hay is dried in a peculiar fashion. It is not spread over the field, but is hung out, as in some parts of Switzerland, on fences or hurdles. Rows of posts are set up in the fields, and from these lines of cord or wire are stretched at a distance of one foot or eighteen inches from one another. On these lines the hay is hung, and it remains there in wet weather as well as dry. In wet weather the moisture drips to the ground. In fine weather the sun beats on the outer layers and the wind passes through the interior, and whatever the state of the weather the hay is left there till it is ready to be housed.

The hay is transported from the upland regions by a novel contrivance known as the "hay telegraph." A rope or wire, sometimes one thousand feet in length, slopes down from the top of a precipice to the bottom of the valley. A bundle of hay is suspended from a ring through which the rope or wire passes, and is shot down to the bottom with lightning speed. Bundles of brush-wood and fire-wood are sent down from the higher ground in the same way. The scythe generally used in mowing the hay is much smaller than that in use in England. In the Valdres route, however, near Ondas, I noticed some attempts at what would be called scientific farming. In one field a mowing-machine was at work, and in another the hay had been spread out in the English fashion and was being turned over by a revolving rake drawn by a horse. Both machines were evidently of recent importation, and attracted the attention of the natives much more than of the foreigners. Whatever may be said of the Norwegians, it must be admitted that they are ingenious in devising contrivances which at once save their labor and take full advantage of the peculiar conformation of their country. Their timber-shoots are another instance of their laborious ingenuity. They make wood-ways and slides which extend over hundreds of feet from the tops of the hills to the sea-shore.

### Mexican Hats.

A passenger in a coach from the West one night recently, writes a Fort Worth (Texas) correspondent, when he boarded the train out on the plains, brought in and carefully deposited in the drawing-room on one of the cushions, a \$50 Mexican hat, stiff with silver thread embroidery and circled by a heavy silver cord. He was A. J. Adams, who, only twenty-eight old, is able, out of the profits of his New Mexico ranch, to indulge in the luxury of a \$50 hat, but purely as a piece of interior decoration for an Eastern friend's house. Sheriff Warne, of Mitchell county, who, with millionaire Gregory, of Chicago, was admiring the hat, said that General Valdes, when an exile from Mexico, had with him a hat that cost \$600, and a California saddle that had cost \$2,300. Both were heavily embroidered with gold and silver lace, and the general was very proud of them. "It's a common thing," he added, "for these Texans to wear hats that cost from \$15 to \$25. In fact, a cowboy's hat and saddle cost more than the whole of the rest of his outfit. The boys get these big hats from the East, where they are manufactured, although they are never worn. A silk hat is an uncommon out here as one of these sombreros is on Broadway.

These big hats are the best hats in the world. They are warm in winter, and a shade in summer. The Texans are very particular about the broad brims. They will touch nothing with a brim narrower than three and a half inches, and they want often a hat that is five and a half inches in width of brim. These hats last four or five years, and some cowmen have a superstition about them if they have good luck while they own them, and after they have worn them a long while, they will send them on and have them cleaned and wear them several years longer.

Many men here have made all their fortunes under one hat. There are not only economy and durability as reasons for the custom, but there is health in them. Have you ever seen a bald headed sombrero wearer? Then the color, too, which varies from a light dun to a buff, prevents reflection from the sunlight."

"Why are Mexican hats so expensive?"

"They are made by hand. Unlike the Texan sombreros, they are made of wool carefully prepared, and each one of these costly hats represents several months' labor. This hat, you will see," he added, as he rubbed his hand over the peak, "is as soft as a new-born baby's cheeks. This silver thread is laid on by women, who are careful to mat it together. It gives the brim a curl, and it keeps the tiny sugar loaf in the center stiff. This pattern is very simple, but you will see the cactus, the palm, and the Mexican grasses picked out in gold and silver on many of the hats. The true Mexican will invest his all in a fancy hat and clothe the rest of his body in dirty rags."

"A Winter's Tale"—"I want a sealskin capacete."—*Boston Star*.

### FARMS NO EYE HAS SEEN.

#### PLANTING AND HARVESTING EAST-NEW OYSTER BEDS.

How the Oyster is Cultivated—Enemies of the Bivalve—Bring Oysters to the New York Market.

Oysters are raised by cultivation, just as fruits and vegetables are. They are found in all seas from four to six fathoms of water, and never at a great distance from the shore. They are most abundant in the quiet waters of gulfs and bays formed at the mouths of large rivers. The principal sources of supply for the United States are the Chesapeake bay, New Jersey coast, and Long Island sound. Formerly the northern beds were almost wholly kept up by restocking with seed oysters from Chesapeake bay and the Hudson river, but of late the oyster reapers have secured the seed, or spat, as the fishermen call it, during the spawning season, and new grounds have been utilized until the area of the oyster beds can be measured by townships, and is constantly extending.

Although there is no such thing as buying the beds of any of the public waters, yet oyster grounds are, in a manner, bought and sold in this way: A man or a company will clear up a new place and begin raising oysters. If these men wish to go out of the business they sell their squatter's right to their bed. The right is recognized in the business, and such a sale holds good by common consent. The spat gathered in the spawning season is scattered over the beds from which oysters have been gathered, or on newly-prepared ground, as the case may be. Here it lies from one year to five or six years. Rockaways lie about one year and sounds from three years to five years. The increase is from three to six bushels for every one of spat. The chances, as a rule, are in favor of a good crop, but the oystermen have many things to contend with, so that it sometimes happens that when they go to gather the oysters they find either dead ones or none at all. The oyster has its natural enemies, such as the drumfish and starfish, which destroy a great many, and in the second place the ground sometimes proves unsatisfactory. Sometimes a heavy weight of grass grows fast to them, and, pressing them down into the mud, smothers them, or, when they are on sandy soil, a storm will occasionally cover them entirely with sand. However, with the constantly improved methods of cultivation, means are being continually devised for the better protection of the oyster.

Two-thirds of the oysters now brought into the New York market during the summer and autumn come from the lower bay, and are called sounds. The remainder may be said to come from Rockaway, Blue Point, and the East river. The winter trade depends more or less on the supply from Chesapeake bay, although large quantities taken in the New York waters are stored for winter use. Down on West street, a few blocks north of Canal street, a little fleet of oyster boats, packed together like sardines in a box, may be seen any day delivering their cargoes. How one ever gets out is a profound mystery. The boatmen themselves say it often takes half a day to get one clear of the test. They are small, single-masted, and each carries a jib. They vary in length from thirty feet to forty feet. They cost between \$500 and \$2,000 apiece, according to their size and the manner in which they are fitted up. There are also a great many steam tugs engaged in the business. Each boat usually carries five men. The wholesale dealer, who have their houses upon rafts along the dock, own or have an interest in most of these boats. One dealer will often own a number of sail boats, or an interest in several, and perhaps a number of tugs as well. There are, however, many boats that are owned by the men who sail them. The boats usually stay out a week or six days. Each is provided with an oyster tong and dredge. At first, while the oysters are thick, the men use the tongs. Afterward they finish up by raking over the ground with the dredge. The dredge is an iron rake in two sections. It has a bag hanging from the back of it, made of iron links. This is always held open by an iron frame. The oysters, as they are raked up by the teeth of the dredge, are shoved back into the bag until it is filled, and then it is raised and its contents are emptied on board. It is either dragged by the sailboat with spread canvas or worked by steam.

When a boat has a load of oysters, which is from one thousand to six thousand, according to the size of the craft, it carries the oysters to a water-logged crib. This is done in order that the oysters may drink, and thus gain a fine, plump appearance for market, and also supply themselves with a circulating fluid to stand long transportation. They are usually put in the crib at ebb tide, as it is only then that oysters open. After this other boats deliver them to the wholesale dealers. Oysters are classified according to their size, as extras, boxing and cuttiness. Some of the dealers open the oysters they handle, while others simply deal in them in the shell. The openers get \$1 a thousand for opening the oysters, and one man can open from three thousand to six thousand a day. —*New York Sun*.

#### The Brain a Scrap-Book.

What is the brain but a scrap-book? If, when we are asleep some one could peer in there, what would he find? Lines from favorite poets, stray bits of tunes and snatches from songs, melodies from operas, sentences from books, strange meaningless dates, recollections of childhood, vague and gradually growing faint, moments of perfect happiness, hours of despair and misery. The first kiss of childhood loves, the first parting of bosom friends, the word of praise or blame of a fond mother, pictures of men and women, hopes and dreams that came to nothing, unrequited kindness, gratitude for favors, quarrels and reconciliations, old jokes, and through them all the thread of one deep and enduring passion for some one man or woman that may have been a misery or a delight. —*San Francisco Chronicle*.

The clock weight in Trinity church tower, New York city, is the heaviest in America. It takes two men over an hour to wind it up.

### The Uses of Glucose.

At the request of the commissioner of internal revenue of the United States a committee of the National Academy of Sciences was appointed, consisting of professors of University of Philadelphia, Yale college, Columbia college, Harvard college and Johns Hopkins university, the purpose being to scientifically investigate the various products known as glucose, grape sugar, maltose, etc. The committee found that glucose is made from many things besides starch and potatoes, such as "from leaves, straw, rags, chips, twigs, and residues from breweries, distilleries, etc." The following, which we take from their report, shows to what use glucose is put:

Both glucose and grape sugar find extensive applications for a great variety of purposes as substitutes for cane sugar or for barley. The most general purposes for which glucose or starch sugar is used are:

1. For the manufacture of table syrup. This consists of a nearly or quite colorless glucose, with a sufficient addition of cane sugar from the sugar refinery to give it the flavor and appearance of a highly-refined molasses. The quantity of cane syrup added varies from two per cent. up to thirty-three per cent.

2. As a substitute for barley malt in the brewing of ale or beer. This is really a substitution of Indian corn for barley, but it constitutes a very imperfect substitute, as the corn, by the treatment employed in extracting its starch for conversion into glucose, is completely deprived of all the nitrogenous bodies and mineral salts which it originally contained. Hence the glucose alone, which is simply transformed starch, is substituted for the entire barley grain, with its great variety of valuable constituents. This is not true, however, of the maltose produced from the entire corn by the action of the malt. This material contains all the soluble constituents of the corn, together with the additional substances which are rendered soluble by the action of the diastase of the malt.

3. As a substitute for cane sugar in confectionery.

4. For the adulteration of cane sugar, to which it is added to the extent of twenty or more per cent.

5. As a substitute for cane sugar in canning fruits and in the manufacture of fruit jellies.

6. For the manufacture of artificial honey. This is neatly put up in glass jars containing a small piece of genuine honey comb.

7. In the manufacture of vinegar.

8. In the manufacture of liquor-coloring, used in mixing liquors and making artificial liquors.

9. Other more limited applications: in the manufacture of wine; by the baker in making cakes; in cooking; in the preparation of sauces; as an addition to some canned meats, especially corned beef; in the preparation of chewing tobacco; in the manufacture of printers' rollers; and in the manufacture of some kinds of inks.

The demand for glucose and grape sugar for these purposes is extremely variable, and depends on the relative prices of corn and of the articles for which this kind of sugar is substituted, especially sugar house syrup and barley.

National Druggist.

#### Escaping a Lover.

A celebrated judge, on riding up to a tavern, was surprised to see the landlord's daughter, a girl of eighteen, put one hand on the fence and leap over it.

"Do that again, my lass, and I'll marry you!" said the judge, possessed by some whim such as now and then seizes the most staid of men. The girl, without a moment's hesitation, again put her hand on the fence and jumped back again.

The judge was as good as his word; for in a year or two there was an old-fashioned wedding at the old tavern.

Mrs. Barbauld, upon whose "Early Lessons" and "Hymns in Prose" our grandmothers were brought up, once jumped up a tree to escape a too-persistent wooer. When a girl, she was noted for her lively spirit and bodily activity. She could climb and jump as well as the boys of her father's school.

Her gymnastic feats and the roses on her cheeks made a deep impression upon a rich farmer. He called upon her father, Dr. Aiken, and begged him to consent that the youthful Letitia—she was but fifteen—might become a farmer's bride.

"Go and ask yourself," answered the doctor, pointing to the young lady, who was walking in the garden. He went, pleaded his case, and was refused. He remonstrated, urged, and became so importunate that Letitia climbed up a tree by the garden-wall, dropped into the lane, and left her suitor, astonished at her singular way of running from a lover.

The disappointed man lived and died a bachelor. He was not a reading man, and was never known to purchase any book but "The Works of Mrs. Barbauld," which, elegantly bound, adorned his parlor during life. —*Youth's Companion*.

#### Making Pictures Under Difficulties.

An artist for an illustrated newspaper thus describes his difficulties during the Franco-Prussian war: "Of the trouble I have taken to get these sketches you can have no conception. The plan I have been obliged to adopt is this: I walk about quiet, apparently noticing all the goods in the shop windows. When I see anything I make memoranda on small bits of tissue paper, perhaps in a cafe, or while appearing to look at the water at the top of a bridge or on the side of an apple, with a big knife in my hand, pretending to peel it. These little memo I roll up into pills, place them handy in my waistcoat pocket, to be chewed up or swallowed if in extremis. When I get home at night, first making sure that I am overlooked by way of the window, I unroll these little pills, and from these memo make a complete outline on a thin piece of white paper; then paste these sketches face to face, trim the edges, and it looks like a plain piece of paper; but hold it up to the light and the sketch shows. So I make memoranda all over the times of trains starting, prices of articles, or extracts from newspapers. When I get to a place of safety, I soak these pieces of paper in water, pull the sketches apart, and from them have made the sketches I have forwarded to you."

Paste it in your hat that people of the highest position and greatest importance, as a rule, make the least trouble.

### HEALTH HINTS.

When a splinter in the eye cannot be removed bathe in cold water and bandage loosely, so as to keep the eye as quiet as possible until the surgeon arrives.

When a fishhook has entered any part of the body cut off the line, file off the flattened end and pass the hook on through the flesh as you would a needle in sewing.

In frost bites use gentle friction in a warm room, using enough cold water to prevent too rapid reaction and consequent pain in the affected part. If very severe a physician should be called, as gangrene may follow.

Children are apt to shove up their noses small bodies of different sorts, which may cause serious trouble unless soon removed. This may be affected by vigorously blowing the nose or by repeated sneezing, produced by snuff, or by tickling the nose with a feather. If these fail a hairpin may be carefully tried.

When persons have fainted lay them down with the head as low as possible; loosen the clothing; keep back crowding that would interfere with plenty of fresh air; sprinkle water over the face; apply hartshorn to the nose, and if too long in recovering consciousness place heated cloths or plates over the stomach.

Croup attacks children at night, and is distinguished by a peculiar barking sound. One of the earliest symptoms is hoarseness. Apply hot water to the throat for fifteen or twenty minutes with a sponge or hot cloth, and give powdered alum mixed with syrup in half-teaspoonful doses, repeated every twenty minutes until vomiting takes place. Keep the child warm, so that sweating may be induced.

# Arlington Advocate

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Marrages and Deaths—free.	

Drifting.

Nothing in life is quite so easy as drifting. It requires no effort, is only a yielding to surroundings,—a trusting to luck for a desired outcome, and has no terrors for him who has no thought as to the ending of the voyage. "The lame and lazy are always cared for." "A man has only to throw his burdens down and others will carry them." These are proverbs, and one can see illustrations which seem to prove their truth, as applied to the individual. But communities often have a disposition to drift, and however true the proverbs may be as applied singly, with masses they surely fail.

Is this drifting a characteristic of this town? Are our people content to let things drift until some sudden tip or jolt from hidden snag or boulder shall start them from a lethargy? Seen from our office window it seems so. Here we are upon the eve of our annual election, and who are they that are looking to see if the voyage has been a prosperous one or whether we are now in a safe position. Things here are not just what we might wish, neither are they what the lovers of good order profess to desire and economy in town affairs demands.

We call attention to this matter now because prevention is better than cure. As the careless drifter is sure to be unjust to those around him when aroused to a sense of danger, so communities are overbearing and tyrannical when they set about reforming abuse that have crept in because the mass of citizens were unmindful of their duties one to another and to the town as a whole.

Success in life depends on "pulling hard against the stream." Wealth, honors and good of every name lies up the stream of life,—against the world's drift and tide, and that community approaches nearest to the ideal where every citizen takes a lively interest in the haven it is desired to reach and bears a hand to move it forward against the thousand and one adverse influences that would hold it back or draw it down.

Perhaps we are mistaken in our estimate of affairs. If so, no harm will have come from this friendly hint; but we believe there are scores who need to be aroused to the importance of taking a personal interest in town affairs, and it is for this reason we have asked the question, "Is this town drifting?"

The causes which combine to make "hard times" are numerous and are beyond the control of combinations of business men or the helping power of governments. But nearly every sufferer because of them owes his or her deprivations to liquor. The total abstainer saves means during prosperous times to tide him over the hard places. The drinking man squanders his earnings on that which only reduces his power to earn, and as soon as he is out of employment becomes a burden on some one. Were the millions squandered in drink saved and put to legitimate uses, we question if "the good time coming" would not have dawned.

Francis Gould Post 36, G. A. R., and Relief Corps No. 43, have completed arrangements for a grand five days fair in Town Hall, Arlington, so as to be able to announce as the dates the last five days in February. The money secured by the last fair has been largely drawn upon by calls that have been met in the spirit with which the money was originally given and we are confident this effort to do good to and for others will be seconded by a generous public. By a unanimous vote of the committee, nothing of a lottery nature will be allowed. This commendable action of the committee ought to recognition by a generous purchase of the season tickets and whatever means of help to the enterprise any may possess. The tickets are now ready.

We find the tone of all the business men we have met the past week to be decidedly hopeful as regards the spring trade. More than that, we think there is a general preparation for an increase of business.

The February number of Baby Land has a handsomely illuminated cover, and its pages are full of good things for the dwellers of baby land.

## Helped by Correction.

## Legislative Notes.

Every thing indicates that the Republican party has been benefited by the disaster attending it in the late Presidential contest, that it is coming up head first, exactly as it went down, and nothing more clearly than the recent nominations for the high office of U. S. Senators. A party is wrong side up when such men as Lapham and Miller are chosen to represent the great Empire State, and the nomination of such a man as Hon. Wm. M. Evarts to the senatorial office first to be vacated indicates the end of the reign of small men whose only qualification for leadership is a lot of money and an intense desire to stand in the place of leaders.

Mr. Chappelle has been given the seat Mr. Prince has occupied since the organization, the investigation showing the former entitled to be the representative from the Ninth Suffolk District. Mr. Rantoul changed seats with Mr. Prince, (one that was quite desirable) just before he withdrew, leaving Mr. C. to occupy his undesirable one in the outer row. Mr. Champelle contests this transfer under a rule of the House, proving his title to the champion contesting member.

Proper notice of the death of representative Devenport, by eulogies and adjournment on Monday.

The President has made an excellent appointment in naming Col. Carroll D. Wright as chief of the National Bureau of Statistics. Massachusetts will not lose his services, however, as he will only go to Washington to put the new bureau in running order on the plan that has proved so valuable in this State. It is creditable to Col. Wright and to Massachusetts, that he should be selected for this important work, which is sure to be well done.—*Lynn Item*.

Watertown has voted to sell to the city of Cambridge the tract of land desired for cemetery purposes, and consents to the annexation of the tract (about 19 acres) to Cambridge. The consideration is \$15,000, a decidedly better bargain than Arlington made when a portion of her territory was desired for a similar purpose.

Hon. A. W. Beard comes to the front once more as chairman of the Republican State Committee. The election was made unanimous, and the committee seems to be harmonious in all its relations. The time for internal strife seems to have passed.

The past week has been remarkably cold, even for this season. The indications this morning are that a warmer wave is approaching.

## AT THE ARLINGTON RINK.

A party complimentary to Bethel Lodge No. 12, I. O. O. F., will be given on the evening of Friday, January 30.

Miss Jesse Lefone will be the special attraction of to-morrow evening. This is the first time any other than a Wednesday evening has been tried for a special bill. The desire to see Miss Lefone is general.

Miss Bessie Gilbert was the attraction last Wednesday evening. It was unfortunate, both for her and the management of the Rink that the Alumni party occurred the same evening, as the audience was small. As a cornet soloist Miss Gilbert is certainly remarkable, considering her age, and there is in her execution and tone the promise of one of the most brilliant of cornet performers. Her selections were heartily applauded, and she responded to an encore in two instances. She does not profess to be a skater, but she moved gracefully in march and waltz movements to her own music.

The grand calico party is named for next Wednesday evening, and it will probably be one of the most attractive and enjoyable gatherings yet had. The full details appear in our advertising columns.

The Cotton High School enjoyed another complimentary party this afternoon.

Hereafter the Rink will be closed on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Grand Calico Party next Wednesday evening. Clamp skates to most elegantly dressed lady and gentleman; monthly ticket to most comical.

A "Bouquet Party" is talked of for Feb. 4th.

## ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS.

WEST MEDFORD.

A representation of a Japanese Wedding will be given at the West Medford Congregational church, Wednesday evening, February 4th, at 7.45 o'clock. The ceremony, costumes and invitations will be in true Japanese style. Invitations, fifteen cents.

The difference between a town and no town was never, perhaps, more noticeable than on Friday afternoon, January 16th. Having occasion to go over to Arlington from West Medford, we found, down to High street bridge, almost no path through the light snow that had fallen. As soon as the line had been passed there was a well-ploughed path all the way to Arlington Centre. When Brooks becomes a town, we expect to see an improvement in this as well as some other respects.

One of the strong reasons why West Medford desires a separation and a new name will be found in the following list of the rate of taxation on \$1,000 for the last few years: 1877, \$14.50; 1878, \$16.00; 1879, \$14.40; 1880, \$15.00; 1881, \$15.60; 1882, \$17.60; 1883, \$16.80; 1884, \$19.60.

The meeting called last Friday evening, January 16th, to take steps toward forming a singing club, to be under the conductorship of Mr. Willis Clark, was well attended considering the weather and the state of travel, over sixty being present. A very pleasant evening was passed and some discussion was had in relation to the object which had called them together, and it was decided to defer making any permanent organization until to-morrow (Saturday) evening, January 24th, at 8 o'clock, when it is hoped the weather will be favorable and a larger number be present. All indications now point to a successful series of rehearsals.

The Boston Journal publishes the list of New England parties interested in the French Spoliation Claims which now go to the Court of Claims for adjustment. Two Arlington parties are interested in these claims—Mr. Samuel A. Fowle and his travelling agent, Mr. A. Gooding.

Work on the new railroad station has been at a stand-still for some time, but this week it has been resumed and will no doubt be con-

tinued until the station is completed. Since the publication of the notes in last week's issue, it is understood that a tower is to be added. Some of the buildings occupied by R. K. Carpenter, the granite worker, have already been removed, and the remainder will be soon, doubtless.

The lecture on "Electric Lights and Kindred Topics," by D. P. Richards, Esq., in the Congregational vestry, on Tuesday evening, was quite interesting, and was illustrated by a number of experiments. The method by which sounds are transmitted through the telephone was plainly explained, also the manner in which the tones of the human voice are registered, retained and reproduced by the phonograph. Mr. Richards is thoroughly conversant with his subject, but only a comparatively small audience were present to listen to his elucidation of that mysterious power known as electricity now being applied to so many different objects as a motive power.

A very sad, and what proved in its results a fatal accident, occurred at the residence of Mr. Henry Dunster, on Sunday evening. A gentleman by the name of Batchelder, about seventy years of age, in some strange manner fell from the top of the second flight of stairs, through what is called the "well," to the ground floor, a distance of about thirty feet. The fall caused a fracture of the skull, the collar bone and of three ribs, one of which penetrated one of his lungs. He vainly tried to speak, but it is not probable that consciousness ever fully returned, as he was kept under the influence of narcotics until his death, which took place about twenty-four hours after his fall. He was taken to Providence for burial on Wednesday. Conjecture as to how the fatal fall occurred seems to be in vain, for it is not likely it will ever be definitely known. He was a brother-in-law of Mrs. Dunster, with whom he has been staying for some time.

## Arlington High School Reunion.

The annual party of Cotting High School Alumni Association was held in Town Hall, Wednesday evening, proving by far the most brilliant gathering of the season, in this neighborhood. Both wings of the platform and the gallery were filled with interested spectators, while the nearly one hundred couples on the floor almost crowded it with an array of grace and beauty of face, figure and dress. Edmund's orchestra (6 pieces) furnished most charming music, and the floor manager and aids (Messrs. T. Ralph Parris, H. B. S. Prescott, J. A. Bailey, Jr., Geo. H. Cutter, Harry Hornblower) were both efficient and attentive. At intermission a refreshment was served of cake and ice cream, and at the close of the dance, which was at one o'clock, a horse car conveyed the out of town participants to their homes. Among the many attractive toilets worn by the ladies, we note a few of the more striking appearing that evening for the first time.

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Probably no paper ever met with such a quick and generous recognition as has been accorded to Texas Siftings, the great humorist and literary weekly. It is now published simultaneously in Austin, Texas; New York, N. Y., and London, England, and is credited with a circulation of 100,000 copies. It is an 8 page 48 column paper, and contains every year more than 1,000 original illustrations and cartoons. Its good stories and humorous sketches are unequalled. The publishers, being desirous of increasing its already large circulation, are offering extraordinary inducements to subscribers. The subscription price of Siftings is \$2.50 a year. For \$2.50 the publishers will send the paper one year and also any one of the following premiums; for \$1.00 they will send the paper six months, and, free, any one of the following premiums; for only \$1.00 they will send Siftings for three months and any one of the following premiums: Premium No. 1—A cloth bound, 608 page dictionary, with 700 illustrations. Premium No. 2—A cloth bound 512 page book, "What Every One Should Know." Premium No. 3—The National Standard Encyclopedia, 700 pages, 20,000 articles, and over 1,000 illustrations. Premium No. 4—Three books for ladies. Premium No. 5—Heavy gold plated watch chain. Premium No. 6—Ladies' plated set ear rings and pin. Premium No. 7—Thirty complete novels and other works, bound on those sold for \$4.50, will be given to any one getting up a club of twenty yearly subscriptions. An imported china tea set (44 pieces) will be given to every one sending a club of eight yearly subscriptions. Besides this, every subscriber gets whichever of the above premiums he or she may select. Fifty other valuable premiums for club raisers to select from. Address, Texas Siftings Publishing Co., New York, for full illustrated premium list and sample copy of Siftings.

Drifts.

At Arlington Heights, Mass., at one o'clock Sabbath morning, January 18th of scarlet fever, Marion Chandler Hutchins, daughter of Charles and Charlotte E. Hutchins, aged 7 years, 9 months, 17 days. [The family desire to express sincere thanks to the great number of friends who have given them their sympathy and their prayers.]

## Deaths.

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Conveyance will leave Lexington at 9 o'clock, each Sunday morning, to meet the horse car arriving at Arlington at 10:20; also leave Lexington at 4 o'clock, on Sunday afternoons, to meet the car arriving at 5:50. Fare to and from Lexington, 35 cents; East Lexington, 25 cents.

WILLIAM DENHAM,

BLACKSMITH.

SHOP OPPOSITE CENTRE STATION, LEXINGTON, MASS.

20 JULY.

First Class House to Let,

CONTAINING TEN ROOMS, GOOD REPAIR,

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Possession given at any time.

Enquire, T. H. RUSSELL.

FOR SALE.

For sale, Farm of 30 acres in North Lexington near Station; also, farm of 17 acres, 11 1/2 miles from Centre Station; also, two houses in Lexington Centre.

Apply to L. A. SAVILLE,

Main street, Lexington.

A PRIZE

Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away, in fact, sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address,

## Temperance Department.

THERE ARE NO COLORS TO PAINT IT.  
BY MARY J. KEYS.

"A tramp!" Mrs. King exclaimed to herself as she answered a knock at her back door. "Do you want this pile of wood sawed, ma'am?" inquired the stranger. The lady hesitated. She wanted the wood sawed but she hardly wanted to give the work to a tramp; but he pleaded so piteously, begging to be allowed just to cut enough of the wood to pay for a breakfast, that she consented. The work was well done and the tramp found himself partaking of the generous meal spread for him in Mrs. King's kitchen. He seemed anxious to give the impression that he had seen better days. Mrs. King was busy about her household duties and gave but little attention to his story; besides he was a tramp and she had little faith that he would tell the truth about himself. In snatches she gathered that he had been born into home of plenty, that he had been well educated, had acquired wealth and been comfortably settled in a house of his own in the city, that he had been engaged in different occupations, one of which was an engraver of cards, and that he was a skilled workman. To the question how his fortunes became so changed the reply was "city life and dissipation." To test the truthfulness of the tramp's story Mrs. King conceived the idea of asking for his autograph, as he had said he could do anything with a pen. Casting about for some place for the name she thought of her temperance album with the temperance pledge upon each page. She was a large hearted woman; her sympathies were touched. Could he be saved? He might, but there was only one way; If he would sign the pledge and keep it. With a prayer in her heart she placed the book before him. A strange, hard expression came over the tramp's face as his eyes rested upon the pledge. "If you get me to sign that," he said, "you will do what no other person ever did." Mrs. King was in earnest, and the desire in her heart to reach and save human soul had touched that soul to its very depths. His past life; all he had been, what he had become, seemed to be revealed to him with a lightning flash. The features were convulsed, the frame quivered with agony as he bitterly cried: "Lost to society, an outcast; there are no colors to paint it; I wish there were, lady; I wish I could make you see it, but I cannot; I can only give you the theory, you can have no idea of the reality." Mrs. King spoke words of hope and encouragement. A new light came into his face. He grasped the pen and with a firm hand wrote his name under the pledge. We wish we could place a fac-simile of it here with its beauty and artistic finish. It seemed to be done with a single stroke of the pen. And yet with this ability and skill he had become a miserable tramp, reduced to any menial service to keep himself from starvation, and all by his own folly. It was the social glass with gay companions. "Once I had the means to help others," he said, "and last night I slept out of doors with only a pine tree for shelter. I was cold." The beginning of all this was the social glass and from that the breaking away from moral restraints, the forsaking of the company of the good; loss of manhood, loss of influence, till he had become an outcast from society; a condition that in his bitter and terrible sense of its reality he could find no colors deep enough and dark enough to paint. Would that there were colors, to paint for every young man when he takes his first glass what the end will be, so plain that he would be persuaded to stop, while it was only a picture, and be saved the experience of the terrible reality, which there are no colors to paint.

The tramp went on his way. Mrs. King could only follow him with her prayers, that grace might be given him to keep the pledge and be saved.

Moderation describes neither quality nor strength. The system of moderate drinking is as unfathomable as the abyss, and uncertain as the wind. It is the great deceiver of nations; promising health and long life, yet destroying more by its tendencies than war, famine, or the plague. It is a sweet morsel in the mouth, but gravel in the belly. It is the ABC of drinking; the picture-book book, leading the young and thoughtless to the worst lessons of intemperance. It is a regular quack medicine, making spurious promises, but performing no cures, and yet demanding enormous pay. It is the starting-point to the work house, the prison, the asylum, the gazette, and the gallows. It is a light-fingered gentleman, who feels every corner of the draw, and the very bottom of the purse. It is the first step in an inclined plane of rapid descents, smooth as marble, and slippery as glass, ending in an abyss of ruin. It is a beautiful serpent, whose fangs and deadly venom are concealed by the dazzling of its scales. It is hypocrisy personified, as hidden outside sobriety, while all

## BOSTON BRANCH

# TEA & GROCERY HOUSE,

Main Street, Lexington.

OPPOSITE TOWN HALL.

The people of Lexington and vicinity will be pleased to learn that Groceries can now be purchased AT HOME as cheaply as in BOSTON.

## Please Give us a Call.

WE AIM TO SUPPLY EVERY DEMAND OF A FIRST CLASS TRADE AT

## BOTTOM PRICES.

is agitation and uncleanness within. It is the landlord's birdlime, by which he secures his victims, and fastens them in his cage. It is the entrance to a delightful avenue, lined with deceitful flowers, charmed by bewitching sounds, but ending in the caverns of ruin, where thousands have sunk to rise no more. It appears as an angel of light, assuming a smiling countenance, but it is in reality a demon of the bottomless pit. It is like a perpetual dropping, injuring man's constitution far more than occasional drunkenness. It is the birthday and birthplace of all the drunkenness we have in the land. It provides an army of reserve to recruit the ranks of the sixty thousand annually slain by strong drink. It is the bond of union betwixt the publicans, drunken politicians, little-drop ministers, and all enemies to the cause of teetotalism.

The February (Midwinter) number of the Century, will be the largest edition ever published, and will contain, beside the notable article of Gen. Grant on Shiloh, a new novel by Henry James, entitled "The Bostonians," which introduces the reader to a characteristic group of the "strong minded" of both sexes. Mr. Howell's descriptive papers, entitled "A Florentine Mosaic," are begun in this number with illustrations by Pennell. A timely and spirited article is Dr. Beers's paper on "Canada as a Winter Resort," finely illustrated. The short story of the number is a long story by Mark Twain, entitled "Royalty on the Mississippi," with Kemble's humorous illustrations. Mr. Stedman writes about Dr. Holmes in his critical series on the American poets; Mr. Stillman has a brief illustrated paper on Dutch Portraiture. In the "Topics of the Time" are discussed some practicable political reforms, the condition of the stage, the "bloody shirt," etc. The "Open Letter" department is omitted on account of the presence of war material. The highly interesting war series by prominent generals are continued, the sketch this month is one looked forward to for some time as it is by Gen. Grant on a subject he is highly competent to write graphically about.

St. Nicholas for February opens with the first chapters of a new serial by E. P. Roe. It tells how a family in moderate circumstances was driven from the confinement of a city "flat" to the freedom of a country farm. Another prominent and valuable feature is Gail Hamilton's "English kings in a nutshell." The author has given, in easy flowing verse, a comprehensive view of all the English sovereigns, profusely illustrated. Nora Perry is the first to contribute to the "Garden of Girls" series. The story is entitled "Tyrant Tacy," and is a charmingly written story. There is also a bright little Masque, or "Miracle play." The idea is novel and bids fair to be popular. Palmer Cox tells in his infinite pictures and verses the story of the "Brownies' return" to their native land; "Ralph's winter carnival" tells of boy's visit to the winter carnival at Montreal; and W. T. Peters and Margaret Johnson are contributors of bright valentine verses. In the serials, "Davy and the goblin" visit Robinson Crusoe, "His one fault" causes Mr. Trowbridge's hero to fall into more trouble—Mr. Stockton takes his "Personally conducted" party to the queer

burial ground of Genoa,—Edmund Alton imparts some more of what he absorbed "Among the law-makers,"—and we learn about Murillo in Mrs. Clement's "Stories of art and artists."

Thousands say so. Dr. Graves' heart regulator will give relief. All forms of heart disease, nervousness and sleeplessness yield to its use. \$1.00 per bottle. Free pamphlet of F. E. Ingalls, Cambridge, Mass.

### VETERINARY SURGEON.

**HARRY L. ALDERMAN,**  
Graduate of the American Veterinary College of N. Y. City.

Can be consulted upon the diseases of Domestic Animals and Veterinary Surgery at residence or hospital,

**EAST LEXINGTON.**

TELEPHONE 6830. POST OFFICE BOX 1. 100ctly.

### Ladies' Medical Adviser.

A Complete Medical Work for Women, handsomely bound in cloth and illustrated. Tells how to prevent and cure all diseases of the sex, by a treatment at HOME. Worth its weight in Gold to every lady suffering from any of the above.

Over 1000 color plates. Postpaid ONLY 50 cents. Postal Note or 2-cent Stamp.

Address NUNDA PUBLISHING CO., Nunda, N. Y.

**FALL RIVER LINE**  
FOR  
**New York,**

South and West.

THIS IS THE ONLY DAILY SOUND LINE.

**SPECIAL STEAMER EXPRESS** leaves from Old Colony Railroad station, week days at 6 P. M., Sunday at 7 P. M., connecting with Fall River Line, and with the steamers "PILGRIM" and "PROVIDENCE." Tickets and steerage for sale at the office of the line, 3 Old State House, Boston, and at the Old Colony Station.

J. R. KENDRICK,  
General Manager, Boston.

L. H. PALMER,  
Agent, 3 Old State House, Boston.

**FREIGHT.**—This line has a fleet of steamers engaged exclusively in the freight service thus insuring prompt and reliable movement. Rates always as low as other lines.

13June8m

**NATURE'S REMEDY**  
**Vegetine**  
**THE GREAT**  
**BLOOD**  
**PURIFIER**

### BEAR IN MIND

that when your blood becomes impure the safe guard against serious illness is to at once resort to some reliable purifier. Long experience with Vegetine proves beyond question that it is the best blood purifier known.

**DON'T ALLOW BLOTCHES**  
and pimples to disfigure you when there is a positive cure to be had in the timely use of Vegetine.

### REST AND SLEEP

are indispensable, would you enjoy sound health. Its controlling influence over the nervous system, has made VEGETINE a blessing to thousands. Nervous sufferer you will find sure relief in Vegetine.

### NEVER GIVE UP

however serious your case, whether of Sore Throat or Kidney Complaint, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism or any disease arising from an impure state of the blood until you have given Vegetine a thorough trial. It is a remedy for just this class of disease and in numerous cases, which all others have failed to touch, it has proved to be of great efficacy.

## COAL!

FURNISHED AT THE

### Lowest Market Prices.

#### WARREN A. PEIRCE,

DEALER IN

#### COALS, WOOD, HAY,

#### LIME, CEMENT, Etc.

YARDS AND OFFICES:

Arlington Heights and Lexington.

Orders left at M. Rowe's Grocery Store, Arlington Avenue, and at East Lexington Post Office will receive prompt attention.

Address, P. O. Box 175, Arlington.

Telephone 6815.

#### CHARLES GOTTLIEB

#### Carriage

#### Manufacturer

AND

#### BLACKSMITH,

Arlington Ave. opp Arlington Hotel, Arlington.

Particular attention paid to

#### HORSESHOEING.

Has, already finished and in course of building,

#### HEAVY MARKET AND MANURE WAGONS,

#### SLEIGHS, PUNGS, Etc.

May 17th

#### NEW FISH MARKET.

We would respectfully announce to the citizens of Arlington, and vicinity, that we have spared no expense in fitting up a neat Fish Market in T. H. Russell's building where, by strict attention to business, we hope to merit a liberal share of your patronage. Respectfully,

W. H. WEBBER & SON.

#### Boston Directory.

Embracing a list of the places of business of some of the residents of Arlington and Lexington which will prove a convenience to every one.

#### Miscellaneous.

#### PARKER & WOOD,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

49 North Market Street, Boston.

#### BOYLSTON M. INSURANCE CO.

30 Kilby Street, Boston.

J. W. BALCH, Pres.

#### W. GLOVER, Sec.

#### FAY, WILSON W. & CO.,

COMMISSION STOCK BROKERS,

7 State Street, Boston.

#### KERN & FITCH,

CONVEYANCERS,

23 Court Street, Room 51 to 54, Boston.

#### KENISON, DR. P.

CHIROPODIST,

18 Temple Place, Boston.

#### LUMBER,

WM. H. WOOD & CO.,

Broadway and Third street, Cambridgeport.

#### WASHINGTON F. & M. INS. CO.

Isaac Sweetser, Pres. A. W. Damon, Sec.

38 State Street, Boston.

#### WOOD BROTHERS,

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

12 Sudbury Street, corner Friend, Boston.

#### Men's Goods.

#### DEVEREAUX & LINDSAY,

TAILORS,

Chambers 367 Washington St., Boston.

#### DYER, J. T. & CO.

BOWDOIN SQUARE.

19 Green St., Boston.

#### JACKSON & CO.,

HATTERS AND FURRIERS,

55 Tremont street, Boston.

#### LAMKIN, G. & CO.,

FINE BOOTS AND SHOES,

28 Tremont Row, Boston.

#### GOODNOW, W. H.

HATTER,

10 Hanover Street, Boston.

#### For the Home.

#### HOMER, H. & CO.

CROCKERY AND GLASS,

53 Franklin Street, Boston.

#### CROSBY, FRANKLIN,

CARPETS, OIL CLOTH ETC.

90 Hanover Street, Boston.

#### MERRILL, J. S. & SON,

PAPER HANGINGS AND WINDOW SHADES,

26 and 28 Washington street, Boston.

#### CHIPMAN'S SONS & CO.,

CARPETINGS, ETC.

98 Court, corner Hanover street, Boston.

#### Shop near Lexington Depot.

24Apr-11

#### JOHN MCKINNON,

#### CARPENTER and BUILDER,

## THE YEAR'S CONSOLATIONS.

When January's cold is here,  
And all the days are chill and drear;  
When air and earth are thick with snow,  
Leaden above and white below.  
Then let us, as we face the blast,  
Give thanks for blessings in the past;  
And lovingly remember  
Dear days of sweet September.

When February's sleet and hail  
Cause men to shiver and to quail;  
When on the ice and through the snow,  
Slipping and stumbling mortals go;  
Then as we grumble and complain,  
Let us, to soothe the biting pain  
Of days so dull and sober,  
Remember bright October.

When March is February's heir,  
And snow and slush is everywhere;  
When fierce winds hustle us about,  
Putting out hopes of spring to rout;  
Then, let us sweeten every day  
With thoughts of blessings passed away,  
And thankfully remember  
That golden, fair November.

When April, foster child of March,  
Sullen instead of gay and arch,  
And giving frowns in place of smiles,  
On agony fresh sorrow piles,  
Prolonging winter's gloomy reign;  
Then let us, as we bear the pain,  
Look backward and remember  
Bright days of mild December.

—New York Sun.

## REBECCA'S PLAN.

"I wouldn't mind losing the money," said gentle Mrs. Orme, "if it wasn't for Clara's music." And she wiped a tear or two from the eyes that were still blue and bright.

"Well, I would, then," said Rebecca, who stood in the middle of the kitchen floor, brandishing her china towel as if it was an aggressive weapon of warfare. "Nobody wants to see their little savings made ducks and drakes. If you had taken my advice, Mrs. Orme, you never would have given it to your city cousin to invest, but kept it in the county bank, where it is safe and sound, even if it didn't draw such a high interest. But you always was foolish about money."

At this Clara Orme fired up, as a dove might resent the attack of some warlike hawk on the maternal nest.

"Rebecca," said she, "be silent! You shall not speak so to mamma."

"Well, isn't it the truth?" said Rebecca.

"Mamma," don't mind her," pleaded Clara, putting both arms around the gentle widow's neck, and laying her velvet cheek against the flushed forehead. "Let the music go. After all, what does a little money signify?"

"Child, you speak like a baby," said Mrs. Orme. "Money means a great deal more than you think."

But nevertheless she was instinctively comforted by the magnetic touch of her child's cheek, the coaxing sweetness of her voice. And although Rebecca, the "hired help," still stood there scolding, the sting had all gone out of her reproofs. Rebecca had lived with them since Clara was a baby. It was her way to scold, and in spite of the sweet sophistry of Clara's excuses Mrs. Orme admitted to herself that Rebecca was more than half right. She never should have given that thousand dollars to her cousin, the city broker, to invest in South Central Pacific when South Central Pacific was running up to such a dazzling figure that everybody hastened to share its splendors. "What goes up must come down," her old uncle Lemuel had always said, and she should have known that South Central Pacific wasn't "sound." But there was no use crying for spilled milk. The money was gone in the South Central Pacific collapse, and all the city cousin's regrets couldn't bring it back. And after all they didn't mind a little economy, if only it wasn't for Clara's musical education; the lessons from Madam Queschi would have to be stopped now, and how could Clara ever expect to be a great pianist?"

But just then the kitchen door swung open, and little Bell came in, carrying her apron full of wild grapes, with a glory of late sunshine around her, and a fringe of blue asters stuck like deep amethyst plumes in the shabby ribbon of her old straw hat.

"Oh, mother, mother," she cried, breathlessly, "see what I have got! And there is a city lady down at old Mrs. Nickels' buying all those funny wooden chairs that Peleg was just going to split up into kindling wood, and the broken clock too, and the spinning-wheel up there."

Mrs. Orme and Rebecca looked at each other with a sudden brightening of their eyes.

"Old furniture, eh?" said Rebecca. "And you was a talkin' of sellin' yours at auction, to go up to town and be near the woman that gives lessons to our Clara. It ain't noways likely they'd fetch much at a vendor's sale. Ain't this a good chance for you, Mrs. Orme?"

"Yea—es, I suppose so," said the meek widow, with a doubtful flutter at her heart. "Put on your hat, Rebecca, and go down to Mrs. Nickels's and see what you can do."

"Mamma!" cried Clara, "surely you will sell the old chairs and bedsteads!"

"My dear, something must be done," said Mrs. Orme, with varying color in her soft face. "It will cost me a pang to part with the old things, but, after all, I deserve to be punished for my folly in that South Central Pacific business, and you know we couldn't do anything with such a lot of old furniture in a city like—Hush. Don't make me a coward when I need most to be brave."

But as she sat there in the low-ceiled, wood-edged old kitchen, with the yellow September glow around her, the vine leaves whispering at the casement, and the locusts winding their tiny bugles in the maple trees outside, it seemed as if all the golden air was full of the ghosts of departed days. Poor Mrs. Orme, the world was very hard to her in these days.

Rebecca presently returned, accompanied by a portly lady elegantly dressed in a coral satin, jeweled lace, and a scented velvety cashmere shawl.

For Mrs. Van Voscelin was buying old furniture. She doted on real antiques; indeed—with a simper—she almost said that she was crazed on the subject. Had Mrs.—Mrs.—oh, yes,

Mrs. Orme—anything that she wished to part with?

"Yes," said Mrs. Orme, rather abashed by so much splendor; "I am talking of giving up my house here, and I should like to sell the old claw-legged table, and perhaps the hall clock, and the curious carved chairs in the parlor. These last," she added, with modest pride, "are, I believe, quite rare. They were given to my mother, before she was married, by the captain of a Holland trading vessel, who brought them direct from Antwerp, and they have been much admired by artists."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Voscelin. "But there is so much imposture about these things, you know. However, I don't object to looking at them."

Clara had grown scared at the cool insolence of the city lady's tone, but Mrs. Orme smiled deprecatingly as she led the way toward the best parlor. Rebecca expressed her feelings by scrubbing vigorously away at the yellow paint on the window-sill to remove an infinitesimal fly speck therefrom.

"Up and down sassy, ain't she?" said she.

"I don't see how mamma endures it," cried Clara, tightly clutching her little fist.

"Hard words never yet killed nobody," observed Rebecca, who had the soul of a philosopher within her gaunt form.

Presently Mrs. Van Voscelin and the Widow Orme came back, still debating.

"I'll give you twelve dollars for the four chairs," said Mrs. Van Voscelin. "They are rather pretty in their way, but nothing remarkable. And we'll call the clock, say, ten, and the claw-legged table—claw-legs are really quite common nowadays—eight. Make the lot thirty dollars."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Orme, recoiling, "I could not possibly sell them for that!"

"It's all they are worth," said Mrs. Van Voscelin. "People put an entirely fictitious value upon such things now. And you'll find that no one else will give you such a price for the old rattle-traps."

"Mamma!" pleaded Clara, piteously, laying her hand on Mrs. Orme's arm.

"And the two women went home rejoicing to carry the good tidings to Clara.

"We can go on with the music lessons now, and not feel extravagant," said Mrs. Orme, exultantly.

"Oh, mama! but if any one had got the dear old chairs but that Van Voscelin woman!" said Clara.

"What does it matter?" said Rebecca. "The money will pay a year's rent;" for she was of a calculating nature, and was already reducing things to a financial basis. "Yes, yes; I thought I could manage."

While all Mrs. Van Voscelin's friends lifted their hands as they viewed the new possession in Paragon Park, and cried out: "Dear! dear! What exquisite things! And so cheap!"—*Bazaar*.

at my house, No. 44 Paragon Park, I shall be glad to have my housekeeper show them to you. Perhaps it may be a lesson to you not to be quite so grasping in the future."

And she bustled off to her carriage.

"Humph," said Rebecca, looking after her with a curious elevation of the eyebrows, "I guess we haven't time to go to Paragon Park to-day. Wa'al, Mr. Mantini," turning suddenly to the dapper little proprietor of the emporium, "you sold them there articles o' virtue that I sent up from Grexbury Hollow?"

"I have, ma cousin," answered the smiling Frenchman. "Every ar-ticle!"

"Eh!" cried Rebecca. "To the same person? Wa'al, that was a stroke o' luck."

"Vraiment," bowed Mantini, "to ze very elegant miladi who has just made herself depart in zat coupe of ze most ravissant—to Madame Voce-leen, for fur hundred and twenty-five dollars, of which, wiz your leave, I shall keep ze twenty-five per cent."

"Four hundred and twenty-five dollars!" cried Mrs. Orme, with a little gasp of mingled ecstasy and doubt, as she clutched at Rebecca's arm. "But that can't be possible. Didn't you hear her? She said that they were treasures from an old English manor-house!"

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders as only a Frenchman can.

"As for treasures, c'est ça," said he. "As for ze old Ingialis maison de manor, it was what madame herself made of remark. I said nozzing—nozzing at all. Was it pour moi to interrupt a lady?"

"Rebecca, I don't understand," said Mrs. Van Voscelin. "Does M. Mantini mean to say that Mrs. Van Voscelin has paid him four hundred and twenty-five dollars for the very things that she would not pay me forty dollars for six weeks ago?"

"So far as I can see, that's just the long and short of it," said Rebecca, shrilly. "And she thinks she's got a bargain, because they came from Mantini's. Good gracious me! the folly that a fashionable woman is capable of!"

"I never heard of such a thing in my life," exclaimed Mrs. Orme, with a long breath.

"Nor I," said Rebecca.

And the two women went home rejoicing to carry the good tidings to Clara.

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## Carrying the Electoral Votes to Washington.

The law requires that two certified copies of the electoral vote of each State shall be forwarded to the president of the Senate, one by mail and the other by a messenger, who must come to Washington and deliver it in person before the first Wednesday of the succeeding January. This is to guard against the possibility of accident by which one might fail to reach its destination. The law allows no compensation to these messengers for their time, but pays each of them twenty-five cents per mile for the distance, according to the usual mail-route from the capital to his State, the meeting-place of the electors, to Washington. At the treasury writes a Washington correspondent to the Cleveland *Herald*, more out of curiosity than anything else, I procured from the disbursing clerk the figures below, showing the distance from Washington to the various capitals, and the amount paid to each messenger. The mileage was fixed many years ago, in the days of the stage-coach, and has never been changed. The luckiest man is the Oregon messenger, who receives \$776.50, and the unluckiest the Maryland man, who has to be content with \$10.50.

The distance figures are interesting, conveying as they do a pretty clear idea of the extent of this country of ours. From the capital of Florida to the capital of Oregon by the way of Washington, which is but a little out of the line, is more than four thousand miles—nearly a sixth of the circumference of the globe. The figures are arranged with reference to the distance from Washington:

State.	Capital.	Miles.	age.
Maryland	Annapolis	42	\$10.50
Virginia	Richmond	116	29.01
Pennsylvania	Harrisburg	138	30.75
Delaware	Dover	157	29.25
New Jersey	Trenton	171	24.75
North Carolina	Raleigh	300	75.00
Connecticut	Hartford	340	85.00
West Virginia	Charleston	353	88.25
New York	Albany	370	92.50
Rhode Island	Newport	435	108.75
Massachusetts	Boston	445	111.25
Ohio	Columbus	487	121.75
New Hampshire	Concord	491	123.75
South Carolina	Columbia	493	123.25
Vermont	Montpelier	555	138.75
Kentucky	Frankfort	606	151.00
Maine	Augusta	616	154.03
Indiana	Indianapolis	644	161.00
Georgia	Atlanta	654	163.50
Michigan	Lansing	665	167.00
Tennessee	Nashville	776	194.00
Alabama	Montgomery	829	207.25
Illinois	Springfield	836	209.00
Wisconsin	Madison	910	227.50
Florida	Tallahassee	989	234.75
Mississippi	Jackson	1,016	245.00
Missouri	Jefferson City	1,019	234.75
Arkansas	Little Rock	1,070	267.50
Iowa	Des Moines	1,120	280.00
Louisiana	Baton Rouge	1,203	301.25
Kansas	Topeka	1,206	301.50
Minnesota	St. Paul	1,238	305.50
Nebraska	Lincoln	1,265	321.25
Texas	Austin	1,573	383.75
Colorado	Denver	1,766	541.50
Nevada	Carson City	2,888	724.25
California	Sacramento	3,023	757.75
Oregon	Salem	3,103	776.50

The aggregate number of miles traversed by the messengers is 48,874 and the total mileage paid \$8,468.50. The average distance of the thirty-eight capitals from Washington is 891 miles. To bring the 401 electoral votes to Washington costs an average of \$21.12 apiece. Blaine and Logan carried the most remote States, and the cost of bringing their 183 electoral votes was \$3,399.50, an average of \$28.91 each, while the 216 votes for Cleveland and Hendricks cost \$2,168.75, or \$14.62 each, a small fraction more than half.

"At madame's ver' hon'bleairre," said M. Mantini, with a profound obeisance.

"They were sent home over half an hour ago," added Mrs. Van Voscelin, "and I have just settled my bill." (At which words M. Mantini gave a second salute of salutes.) "But if you will call

at my house, No. 44 Paragon Park, I shall be glad to have my housekeeper show them to you. Perhaps it may be a lesson to you not to be quite so grasping in the future."

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## PARK, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

### Rose Plan's.

Vick's *Monthly* states that a good remedy for the insects which infest the rose is to syringe both surfaces with a solution of whale oil soap, using one pound of the soap to one gallon of water. Another remedy is kerosene mixed with an equal quantity of milk, a spoonful of the mixture being then stirred in a gallon of water for syringing. In a few hours wash off either of these applications by syringing with clear water. Caution is recommended in the use of carbolic acid on plants, as it will destroy them if used too freely. It is advised to add a few drops in soap suds made from soap, and try its strength on weeds. Correspondent of the New York *Tri-Weekly* says: A neighbor saved grapes from ice-bugs last year—three acres of Delawares—by spraying Paris green in water, with a force pump, on the vines, making no applications. The crop for two or three previous seasons had been ruined by the beetles and he had seriously contemplated digging up the vineyard.

### Care of Plants.

Basket plants often suffer from too much or too little water. If from too little, the leaves curl or fall, and the plants have a dried up appearance. If too much, they get yellow and drop off. As a rule, a basket in a warm room should be taken down once a week, and soaked in a bucket of water, then drained and hung up again. Every day during the rest of the week a little water may be given the plants, and something put under to catch the drip. Some baskets have no provision for the escape of moisture. These are dangerous. Still some people manage to watch closely, and do well with them. Fern cases do best when given a little sun; for, though ferns are supposed to grow naturally in shady spots, it is because there is generally a more humid atmosphere there. If they can get this moisture, they rather like light.

Insects are apt to be troublesome in greenhouses—particularly red spider, green fly and mealy bug. A free use of the syringe is a good preventive. Tobacco smoke, in two or three light doses, is still the best thing for the green fly. The red spider, fortunately, shows his predation more villainously than most insects—light yellow lines or spots marking almost at once the scenes of its depredations. If one has good eyes, the finger and thumb will keep him down, as a slight and rapid passing of the fingers over the leaves easily crushes his little body. When he becomes an "army with banners" more scientific approaches must be made to give any show of success. It is not often, however, that one who thoroughly understands plants suffers much from insects. He or she seems to have an intuitive knowledge on the first appearance of an insect enemy that something is wrong, and the foe is subdued before it has time to leave an extensive progeny behind.—*Gardener's Monthly*.

### Farm Notes.

A liberal dressing of hard wood ashes, or, when these cannot be obtained, manure of potash, on peach trees, is said to be the best preventive of the yellows.

It has been proved by experimenting that the yield of milk can be largely increased by warming the water given to cows during the winter, so as to bring the water to about sixty-six degrees Fahrenheit.

In very cold weather it is difficult to make cows drink as much as they should. Giving them a daily small ration of salt in their feed will increase their demand for drink. When fed partly with roots or green food, twice watering will answer. Fattening cattle often drink but once a day.

Although clay is less easily worked than lighter soils, a good admixture of it is desirable in growing all kinds of fruit except peaches and grapes. Even for grapes a well-drained clay is preferable to a sandy soil. The pear blights less on heavy soil, perhaps, because they are not liable to sudden changes in temperature.

It is sometimes advisable to plant an apple orchard on land so stony that it cannot be plowed, and, indeed, where holes can scarcely be dug to set the young trees. It is not necessary to dig a hole. Set the trees on the surface and bring in rich earth from somewhere else to cover the roots as deeply as needed. The trees will thrive better than if set in a hole.

It is a good plan for a farmer to grow two or three short rows of apple trees, planting the seeds, grafting at the root the winter they are a year old with varieties desired. Some of these trees he will probably wish to plant himself, and what he has left can readily be sold to neighbors when the trees are old enough to plant.

The old canes and branches of blackberries are very convenient to cover strawberries in places where other covering would be scratched off by hens. They do not blow off easily, and hens will not disturb them. Potato tops are good covering for strawberries, as they contain no weed seed, and they make a very fertilizing mulch.

It is a true saying that an animal which goes into winter quarters in good condition is already half wintered. But this is in part because an animal in poor condition cannot be fed unreservedly as one in good order can. It is best with all stock, when grain feeding is commenced, to begin very gradually, taking care not to impair the digestion.

The coarse straw that is apparently worthless should not be burned, unless it contains weed seeds, which may make burning necessary. What can be fed to stock with grain should be so utilized. The remainder may generally be used as bedding. Even a slight mixing of liquid or solid excrement of well-fed stock will make it valuable manure.

Farmers often desire a cement that will hold substances together under water or in damp places. As good a cement as can be wished is made as follows: Dissolve one pound of India rubber in five gallons of coal naphtha. Add an equal weight of gum shellac, and stir over a low fire until the shellac is thoroughly dissolved. The gum shellac in naphtha or in water makes a strong mastic. The India rubber makes a glue that will not be affected by water.

The barrel is the most inconvenient

possible package for apples. It is too large, occupies more room than it should in shipping, and finally in the cellar is the most inconvenient possible receptacle for examining the fruit. Apples will probably continue for a time to be sold in barrels, but farmers putting them in their own cellars will prefer to keep apples on shelves or in shallow boxes, where they can be easily examined, and the decayed fruit will be removed.

The green color in potatoes is properly objected to by consumers, who regard them as poisonous. They err, however, in attributing the green color to the poison used in destroying the beetle. The tuber is made green by exposure to the sun, and is poisonous just as potato tops are when green. In this condition potatoes are unfit for food, but are better for seed than those grown deeper in the soil. It is a good plan to place potatoes intended for seed in a light a place as possible two or three weeks before planting the beetles and he had seriously contemplated digging up the vineyard.

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**Household Recipes and Hints.**

Sour cream cookies are made of one cup of sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful (not heaping) of soda, a little salt, and flour enough to make a soft dough; flavor with cinnamon.

Boil the cauliflower whole in well-salted water; when done place it in a baking dish, pour a cream sauce over it, and then stew it with grated cheese and place it in the oven and bake.

Gold ornaments may best be cleaned by washing in warm suds made from delicate soap with ten or fifteen drops of sal volatile added. Dry by placing in boxwood sawdust. This also improves jewels and makes them brilliant.

A good way to roast a spare rib is to crack the bones in the middle, fold over and stuff with regular turkey dressing; sew it up with stout thread, put into the dripping pan and put in a coffee cup of water; sprinkle pepper and salt over the meat, and let it cook until tender and brown. Turn it so that each side will be equally brown.

Whipped-cream pie is a delicacy that is appreciated needs but to be eaten. Make a crust of moderate richness, line a deep tin with it; bake quickly in a hot oven; when done spread it with a layer of jelly or jam; first a thin layer, then while one teacupful of sweet cream until it is as light as possible, sweeten with powdered sugar, and flavor with vanilla; spread over the jelly or jam; set the cream where it will get very cold before whipping.

Old gilt picture frames are more valuable than those of more recent make, as modern gilders are apt to cover a silver backing with a light coat of gilt, the gilders of the old school using heavy coats of gilt instead. These frames are first cut into manageable sticks and then slowly charred and burned to an ash in a brick furnace. The ashes are then melted, leaving a residuum of pure gold. One old gold mirror frame, eight feet across, yielded about seven dollars of pure gold.

Mackerel, which is so common a break-fast dish in inland towns, need not be so uninviting as it sometimes is. If freshened properly, that is, long enough, say from five o'clock until seven next morning, one objection to it will be removed. Wrap the mackerel in a cloth and boil it in just enough water to cover it well; let it boil gently for twenty minutes and it will be tender and yet will not fall apart. Melt a little butter, add cream to it, and sprinkle parsley, rubbed fine, over it. Or to vary it use a little melted butter with lemon juice, or a little vinegar. Gooseberry sauce or currant catsup may be used with the melted butter also.

**A Nation Ruined By a Spider.**

It is said that when spiders are seen crawling more abundantly and conspicuously than usual upon the indoor walls of houses rain may shortly be expected. But the following anecdote intimates that some of their habits are the equally certain indication of frost being at hand:

Toward the end of the last century Quartermaster Dijonval, seeking to beguile the tedium of his prison hours at Utrecht had studied attentively the habits of the spider, and eight years of imprisonment had given him leisure to be well versed in its ways. In December of 1794 the French army, on whose success his restoration to liberty depended, was in Holland, and victory seemed certain if the frost, which then raged with unprecedented severity, continued. The Dutch envoy had failed to negotiate a peace, and Holland was in despair when the frost suddenly broke. The Dutch were now exulting, and the French generals prepared to retreat; but the spider warned Dijonval that the thaw would be of short duration, and he knew that his weather monitor never deceived him. He contrived, according to communicate with the French general, who duly estimated his character, and at once relied upon his assurance that within a few days the water would again be passable by troops. The retreat was delayed. Within twelve days the frost had returned, and the French army triumphed. Dijonval was immediately liberated, the spider having brought down ruin on his Dutch oppressors.

An acre of ground packed as tightly as at a political meeting, somebody has figured out, will hold 25,000 people.

Young ladies now wear scarf pins similar to the men.

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Farmers often desire a cement that will hold substances together under water or in damp places. As good a cement as can be wished is made as follows: Dissolve one pound of India rubber in five gallons of coal naphtha. Add an equal weight of gum shellac, and stir over a low fire until the shellac is thoroughly dissolved. The gum shellac in naphtha or in water makes a strong mastic. The India rubber makes a glue that will not be affected by water.

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## A MAN'S COSTLY CANINES.

### SPENDING \$100,000 TO SATISFY A LOVE FOR DOGS.

#### Dogs With Beds, Baths, Gas-Lighted Bowls, Steam-Heated Retiring Rooms and Other Luxuries.

A party of gentlemen in an Erie train, New York bound, were talking about men's hobbies, when one of them made the remark that Bergen county had spent \$100,000 on a hobby.

"What was it?" asked the writer, who was one of the party.

"Dogs."

"And who is the man?"

"Mr. E. R. Hearn, who lives just across the bridge from Passaic. He is a department superintendent in Lorillard's establishment, and one of Lorillard's right bowers. You'd ought to see him!"

With Mr. Clarence R. Van Deusen, of Passaic, who is a connoisseur in all that pertains to canines, and who had courteously volunteered to conduct the introductory preliminaries of the visit, a trip was made to Mr. Hearn's kennels one day during the week. The Hearn mansion is situated on the left bank of the Passaic river, and is surrounded by elegantly-cared-for grounds. To the rear of the residence are the famous dog kennels wherein are kept the dogs which have taken prizes at all the prominent bench shows of this country and Europe for many years past. The buildings cover the better part of an acre of ground, and are fitted up in a manner which would be the envy of many a mechanic of the metropolis.

Mr. E. L. Williams, Mr. E. R. Hearn's manager, greeted the writer and his companion at the main entrance, and courteously signified his willingness to give any information within his power. He led the way through the canine boudoirs. Each kennel, of which there are a score or more, has a stone flooring, and a shifting glass roof which can be moved at will to let in the light or keep out the cold. Running water is located in a corner of each compartment, and each is lighted at night by gas, and is heated by hot water conducted through the series of buildings by means of pipes supplied from an immense boiler. Couches, which would make the average tramp's mouth water, are filled with clean straw every day and at night are fastened to the side walls by means of catches. A monster bath-tub provides a lavatory for the hightoned canines, and in one corner of the main building, where the food is cooked for the petted descendants of canine blue blood. At the rear of the buildings, in the orchard, is the "run," where the animals take their walks abroad. Each kennel is ten feet square and is surrounded by ash sides, surrounded by a wicker-work barrier.

Mr. Hearn has about twenty dogs at present, the "boss" dog being the Duke of Leeds. Money could not buy the animal. Duke has taken several "Hundred Guinea" prizes in Europe, and has long been a favorite at all the kennel shows in this country. He stands above three feet in height, and when in good condition weighs somewhere near 150 pounds. When standing upright Duke was many inches higher than the tallest man who was present at the private exhibition. He carried away the honor of the recent Philadelphia show and also at that held at Montreal.

Leila, another famous St. Bernard, has also made a small fortune for her owner. Leila is nearly as high as Duke, and is about the height of the average dining-room table. She was also a prize runner at the fairs mentioned, and also at the recent non-sporting show held at Madison Square Garden. Leila's pup, Valentine, is a monster brute, and his frisky play with his mother resembled the playful antics of baby elephant.

Bonivard, which among the others, claims relationship with British ancestors, is also a monster dog. He is one of the five that carried off the honors at Philadelphia, where Mr. Williams had all the dogs on exhibition. Bonivard is a fellow, now, that would send his plate up twice for soup.

Pepys, of Charles II.'s reign, having company at breakfast, mentions: "I had for them a barrel of oysters, a dish of neat's tongues, and a dish of anchovies, with wine of all sorts and ale."

Pope, who was an epicure, would lie in bed for days at Lord Bellingbroke's, unless he were told that there were stews prepared for dinner, when he rose instantly and came down to the table.

Franklin at one time contemplated practicing abstinence from animal food, but having seen a cod open which contained some small fish, said to himself, "If you eat one another I see no reason why we may not eat you." He accordingly dined on the cod with no small degree of pleasure.—*Boston Budget*.

**On Time.**

The sun dial was the first time measurer.

The Romans used water clocks in 180 B.C.

The hardest clock to keep wound is an eight day one.

Charles Harris, of London, invented the pendulum in 1641.

Clocks which keep excellent time may be bought for one dollar.

In 1820 the first striking clock was invented by a Cistercian monk.

The style of modern fashionable clocks is that of our grandfathers.

The first wooden clock made in this country was by James Harrison in 1790.

In 1834 Henri de Wyck built a clock in the palace of King Charles V. of France.

The highest priced parlor clock in America is owned by a Wall street man. It was made in New York and cost \$4,000.

**Hanging Makes the Muscles Rigid.**

It is strange how a little steady pressure on the windpipe affects people. Of course it chokes them, but that is no reason why they shouldn't be able to move their limbs. They seem to lose all control over their muscles and give right in. I remember a case that occurred in Brookville, Me., when I was a young man. A woman, the wife of a wealthy sea captain, threw a skein of yarn over the top of an open door one day, and sticking her head through the tight that hung down doubled up her knees so her feet could not touch and remained in that position until she choked to death. One would naturally think that when she became unconscious her muscles would relax and allow her feet to drop to the floor, but such was not the case. Hanging or choking seems to make every muscle as rigid as iron.—*Boston Globe*.

The coarse straw that is apparently worthless should not be burned, unless it contains weed seeds, which may make burning necessary. What can be fed to stock with grain should be so utilized. The remainder may generally be used as bedding. Even a slight mixing of liquid or solid excrement of well-fed stock will make it valuable manure.

Farmers often desire a cement that will hold substances together under water or in damp places. As good a cement as can be wished is made as follows: Dissolve one pound of India rubber in five gallons of coal naphtha. Add an equal weight of gum shellac, and stir over a low fire until the shellac is thoroughly dissolved. The gum shellac in naphtha or in water makes a strong mastic. The India rubber makes a glue that will not be affected by water.

The barrel is the most inconvenient

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The Germans now make from paper pulp the most delicate wheels for watches.

A very thin coating of glycerine will prevent frost or steam gathering on a window-pane.

In France symptoms of poisoning have followed the eating of vegetables grown on soil which had been treated with chemical poisons to destroy the phlox-loxer insect of the grape-vines.

A writer in *Science* reports discovering within a common pumpkin some of its seeds already germinated. The caulinodes were from one to three inches in length, while some of the rootlets were over seven inches.

Late Belgian experiments have had the object of preserving wood by exhausting the air from the pores and causing liquid gutta percha to take its place. The gutta percha is liquefied by being heated with paraffine, and it hardens on cooling after being introduced into the wood.

According to Sir Trevor Lawrence, M.P., there is a collector of orchids in England who employs fourteen persons—nearly all German naturalists, and each costing about \$6,000 a year—to search for new species and varieties in different parts of the world. He has two acres of the plants under glass, and his total annual expenditure on orchids is nearly \$100,000.

It has been demonstrated by Dr. Hans Molisch that the roots of plants may be deflected from their normal direction by exposure on one side to certain gases. If such gases are in moderate quantities the roots bend away from their sources; if in proper quantities, toward such source. The side of the root exposed to the action of the gas grows more strongly.

M. A. Haman says that lead pipes ought to be entirely disused as conductors of drinking water. The water takes up particles of lead, not only by the mechanical action of friction, but, by affinity of some of its constituents, attacks the metal itself, and lead carbonate results. These minute particles of lead introduced into the system causes anemia, and consequently defective nutrition.

Some remarkable illustrations of the power of plants to adapt themselves to diverse conditions have been furnished by the observations of Senor Ledisla Netto, of Rio Janeiro. One plant—*Strophocarpus triplinervius*—was found growing in an open space as a bush about six feet high, while another specimen of the same species was seen in the shade of some woods only a few yards away as a vine sixty feet in length. Other plants were allowed to become vines of considerable length in the dense Brazilian forests, and at once began to change their appearance to that of shrubs on being given free exposure to the sunlight.

(Correspondence)  
WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21, 1885

Last week was one of surprises in Congress. Without any warning, the ex-President of the ex-Confederate States was the subject of an acrimonious debate that commanded a good deal of attention. This controversy was brought on by an opposition to Senator Hawley's resolution asking that the President furnish the Senate with the statement recently filed in the War Department by Gen. Sherman, concerning Jefferson Davis' policy. Several Democratic Senators maintained that Jefferson was loyal to his cause, honorable and patriotic. As many Republicans Senators pronounced him a conspirator and traitor, and commented, in sarcastic terms, upon the spectable of men who had been relieved of their political disabilities, and who had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, lauding Jeff. Davis as a patriot. The time may come when the constitutional aspects of the late rebellion can be considered as calmly as the historical relationship of England to Scotland, but statesmen cannot yet discuss these questions without passion. The general remark of visitors in the galleries, even of those who listened with deep interest in the debate, was that the Senate could occupy the few remaining weeks of the session with more profitable and timely themes than the Davis-Sherman controversy.

The prompt passage of the new bill to retire Gen. Grant by the Senate, and the tribute paid to his magnanimity at the close of the war by Southern Senators, was another unexpected episode in the week's doings. Senator Gibson said, as a Senator from Louisiana he felt it incumbent on him to vote for the bill in order to show the good will and sympathy of the state for General Grant. The Junior Senator from Mississippi voted for the bill because he thought the people deserved its passage. He had made a covenant with himself that on all questions that did not affect the honor of his people he would vote exactly as if he had worn the federal instead of the confederate uniform. And Senator Voorhees also recalled the fact that when Secretary Stanton wanted to arrest and imprison Gen. Lee after the surrender, Gen. Grant had told Stanton that Lee was a paroled prisoner, and that not a hair of his head should be molested. There were only nine dissenting votes to the bill.

While military heroes, war issues, measures, reminiscences and scenes were being revived and discussed, news came of the death of Hon. Schuyler Colfax, the man who had wielded the Speaker's and Vice-President's gavel during those stormy times of reconstruction. While his remains lay in state at Chicago the Senate adjourned through respect to his

House of Representatives surprised everybody by undertaking to day some old debts. The French spoliation claims came up and passed. The history of these claims begins with the Revolutionary war. The bill for their adjustment passed the Senate before the holidays; so, as it only awaits the President's signature, the ancient score is in a fair way to be settled.

Representatives who favor the passage of a bankrupt bill say they can do nothing with it this session because the Congressmen from New York city cannot be kept in their seats when there is a chance to take up this important measure.

The Senate talks about the Nicaraguan treaty with its doors locked. Some days it spends three hours in these secret discussions. Senator Miller, of California, opened the debate in favor of the treaty, and Senator Sherman followed in opposition. Both gentlemen being Republicans, this shows that it is not to be made a party question and that it will be carefully debated.

The inauguration committee has discovered that Washington can be so arranged as to accommodate the rest of the civilized world during March third and fourth and make every body comfortable and happy. The hotels and boarding houses are wonderfully elastic. The ware rooms and stores and public halls are all to be utilized for lodging visitors, and now the department corridors are to be secured for sheltering them. The station houses will be open as usual, and yet possibilities are not nearly exhausted.

Pennsylvania avenue is to be illuminated on the night of March fourth with colored globes, placed at short intervals. Electric lights were deemed inadvisable, because their glare would destroy the effect of fireworks. Long ago speculators secured window space along the avenue, and it is said one dollar per capita will be asked for a view of the procession from such vantage ground.

NEW ORLEANS LETTER.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 16, 1885.

If any one thing has pleased the visitor more than another, it is old "King Cotton" and his wife. It is a good representation of a centenarian couple. They are constructed as human figures, almost life like, sitting close together, seemingly reflecting over the past, while a little dog looks wistfully at its master; she quietly knitting, a kitten is toying on the floor with the ball of yarn which has rolled from the venerable dame's lap. Everything is cotton except the spectacles which the two old people wear. They are in a glass case located in the Louisiana section, government building, and are the ar-

tistic work of W. E. Robert, of this city.

Arkansas challenges the whole exhibit to excel her in the display of fruit. California will doubtless take up the gauntlet for \$5,000.

With the completion of the stables live stock is daily received and duly installed. An examination of fat cattle was held last week and premiums awarded.

Chihuahua, Mexico sends to the exposition a pyramid of silver bullion weighing 5,640 pounds and valued at \$114,000.

The financial condition of the exposition has been a little cramped by the extensive but necessary outlays of money ever since the opening. It was hoped fair weather would prevail, and if such had been the case, it was reckoned enough gate money would have been taken in to liquidate the debt; but it was otherwise. Consequently a mass meeting was called Thursday night to devise ways and means to secure about \$300,000, which would square all accounts now due, and help pay running expenses without drawing on the gate receipts. Major Burke, on behalf of the finance committee, explained the condition of affairs, and added that the citizens of New Orleans could not and would not let the matter go by default, in a city worth its hundreds of millions. A committee was appointed whose first official act was to head the subscription list with \$25,000, their individual contribution. They will report the results of their efforts to-night. Even if the money should not all be raised, the exposition, which is itself a success beyond all cavil, will continue to attract, and the people will come and attest by their presence it is all, and more, too, than has been said.

Last Sunday was the first Sabbath religious services have been dispensed with in Music Hall since the exposition opened.

The public is familiar with the noted lawsuits of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines against the cities of Baltimore and New Orleans involving millions of dollars, whereby she gained her points to be put off by appeals, the cases yet pending. This venerable lady died in this city Friday night, aged 78 years. She leaves six grandchildren heirs to her estate, if the courts ever decide favorably thereon, though she had no tangible property at her death. Her son-in-law, J. Y. Christmas, of Warrenton, N. C., was with her during her last moments on earth.

Premiums were awarded some of the fat cattle on exhibition here Thursday. They were weighed and examined minutely.

New Orleans is one of the greatest ports of the United States through which the flood tide of immigration is likely to flow in future. An immigration from Europe has centered here since the first French settlement. Attracted by consanguinity and by language, many of the sons of France who seek a foreign shore, find themselves irresistibly attracted by that city looking out on the tropics that bears for name that which draws to mind *la puissante d'Orléans*, the renowned Joan of Arc. The original French settlement is thus being continually added to, and despite its American nationality those of France look upon it as an outpost of that country beyond the sea. Hence, France, and Spain also, which too has contributed of its blood to build it up, Italy, and Continental Europe as a whole, will be attracted hither as they could by no other American city.

President Arthur, having signified his intention of visiting the exposition on or about the middle of February, preparations will be made to receive him in state.

The necessity for an accurate and reliable guide to the city and exposition grounds has been supplied by Theo. Pohlmann, who issues a very handsome guide book containing also a map of the city and street railways, costing but fourteen cents by mail. It is worth three times the price asked, and is perfectly reliable.

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